Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Vivian

The Charming Daughter of Mr. W. F. Fanning who Married Lord Vivian towards the Close of last Year

No. 12.—Vol. I.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, February 24, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	881
The Bystander's Notes	883
The Bystander in Parliament	884
The Topictator	835
People of Interest	886
With the Long Bow, by G. K. Chesterton	891
From Abroad	893
"At the Sign of the Times"	898
In the Far East	900
Concerning the Lord Chief Justice	906
The Garden	908
"The Noble Art," by Inglis Allen	911
Ostrich Raising on the Continent	915
"Love in a Cottage" at Terry's Theatre	917
Miss Janet Alexander	913
Miss Evelyn Beaumont	919
Our Short Story—"The Hydro, R.A.," by C. Ranger-Gull	922
Bridge, by "Problematicus"	927
Our Bridge Competition	928
Gossip about Books and their Makers	929
Automobile Topics	931
By Field, Stream, and Covert	934
Golf Notes and Notions	940
Cruft's Show, Agricultural Hall	942
Ladies' Hockey	943
Rugby: England v. Ireland at Blackheath	944
Association: Oxford v. Cambridge at Queen's Club	945
The Editor's Box	946
The Floods in Lincolnshire	947
"Jorkins's Return," by J. Barratt	948
The Connoisseur	950
The Play in London, by "Sneer"	952
Paris—et les Parisiennes, by "One of Them"	954
The Menu	956

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

Wednesday, February 24, 1904

We hear that it is the intention of a certain well-known theatre proprietor, who has amassed a large fortune, we believe, by the production of "musical comedy," to build yet another theatre for the purpose of producing the same class of entertainment. If it is true, we are sorry, devoutly sorry.

If, as is often avowed, the *métier* of the theatre is simply to amuse, there is nothing to be advanced either *pro* or *con.* in such a proposal, except that public taste, by supporting a surfeit of musical comedy, must have sunk lower, both in a musical and dramatic sense, than we believe to be the case. To be sure, it is very right that the theatre should amuse its patrons, and healthy amusement is the last thing one would desire to see disappear. At the same time, to amuse is not its only function. If it were so, the status of the theatre would, of necessity, be a much lower one. The cult of theatricalism could not frankly claim to be an artistic one if it stopped short at amusing.

But, as a matter of fact the theatre has far greater aspirations than merely to amuse. It has always claimed to be a factor for educating the people. Savonarola, one of the greatest reformers of all time, thoroughly realised this. Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Sheridan, and all the great dramatists of past ages freely recognised the tremendous possibilities of the stage as a medium to instruct and lead. Even earlier, the Passion Play provided a direct and potent medium for the instruction of the people. To-day the theatrical enthusiast is never tired of holding forth on the theme of the usefulness of the stage and of the tremendous power it has for good on the lives of the people. The actor is in the position to appeal to one's innermost sentiments, to play on our better instincts. With the power of commanding our emotions at its will, the theatre can rise to a height with which nothing else can be compared; and thus the possibilities of the stage as an influence for good are almost infinite.

Yet how is this power exercised to-day? More than half our theatres in London are running musical comedies, profitable undertakings, doubtless, but sadly demoralising. Demoralising because they suggest nothing which can do us good. They have no object, except to permit us to allow our brains to rest while we lounge in the *fauteuils*. The dialogue is inevitably fatuous, and the music almost an insult to an ear ever so slightly cultivated. There is no attempt, in fact, to do more than draw money from our pockets by tempting us to admire pretty women, excellent scenery, and players in ridiculous situations. What good can a thousand of such enervating "Musical plays" do anybody?

And when we turn to theatres which pretend to aspire to better things we find the actor's art, in most cases, prostituted to a considerable extent. True, an enterprising manager will present a Shakespearean play now and again. But even in this case it is usually because it affords an excellent opportunity for splendid costumes and gorgeous scenes—a panorama in effect. Let us do justice, however. One or two companies in London and the provinces have a high enough appreciation of the cultivation of the patrons of the stage to play Shakespeare for its own sake. All honour is due to Mr. J. H. Leigh, who is giving a spirited interpretation of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Court Theatre just now, and to Mr. Benson, whose *répertoire* includes the best of Shakespeare's plays. A few London managers honestly strive to influence public taste in the right direction, but they are in the minority. And we do not believe this has come about through a dearth of playwrights. There is plenty of talent. The fault lies with the theatre proprietor and the theatre manager, who underrate the taste of the public.

However, they reap the rewards of their bad judgment. For the last year or two theatrical enterprise has been badly rebuffed by the refusal of the public to appreciate the fare that has been set before it. The truth is, the stage has become too commercial. In these days of enormous rents for theatre leases and tremendous expenses in mounting a piece, only a syndicate with a large capital can start in the business without its being a wild speculation: and syndicates, being soulless and emotionless, except on the subject of dividends, place Mammon with a capital "M," and art with a very small a. We suppose it would be unpractical to suggest that another cause were possible. Nevertheless it is. The lessons the theatre can teach us, the education it is capable of bestowing upon us, the immense power it has for influencing good by appealing to our sentiments, warrant that at least in one theatre the play should be acted while financial considerations take a back seat. We should welcome, then, the inauguration of a State Theatre, the moral effect of which upon the public taste and the stage would be undoubtedly very great.

The Bystander in Parliament

In the House of Commons the new member is regarded by the old stagers with a tender interest similar to that extended by comfortable matrons to a timid, blushing bride. It is pretty to see the old grey-beards and bald pates listening with smiles of encouragement and commiseration to the maiden speech of the novice. And the novice, just before he takes the plunge is worth watching, too. How he puffs and pants, how he shifts about, passes his hand over his brow, looks furtively at his notes to be sure of that first sentence that he has been mumbling night and day for a week! It has always seemed to me that the few minutes before the delivery of a maiden speech in the House must rival in uneasy sensation that acute moment when a man finally decides that he is going to be sea-sick.

Quite recently I heard a maiden speech in the House that will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it. Mr. Rowland Hunt, the new Member for the Ludlow Division, was emphatically the hero of the occasion, and his speech will live in history because of its handsome, though belated, tribute to Boadicea. In spite of Cowper's verse, and the effigy raised on the Embankment by the London County Council, the warrior Queen was in danger of being forgotten by a thoughtless age. But Mr. Rowland Hunt has changed all that.

The House was entranced as, with one arm behind him à la Pickwick, and the other arm extended in a style worthy of Demosthenes or the Solicitor General, he said in thrilling tones:

> Seated under one of England's mighty oaks rested the chief of the Druids. (Loud cheers.) Unto him came Boadicea—(tremendous cheers)—Britannia's warrior Queen. (Frantic applause.)

Having thus introduced the subject—and also the lady who was not a subject—the orator left the style of simple, though artistic narrative, and burst forth into an impassioned recitation of the well-known lines ending with:

> Regions Cæsar never knew
> Thy posterity shall sway.

The members on both sides of the House leaned back, turned their faces up to the glass-ceiling through which the light streamed, and shouted themselves hoarse with delight.

It was one of those memorable occasions when men congratulate each other on being present—an occasion that will live in history along with the scene when Burke flung the dagger on the floor, and when Chatham sank back into his seat. Moreover, there was a political significance in the outburst, for Mr. Hunt's glowing allusions to Boadicea led up to a eulogy on Mr. Chamberlain, who was said to have inherited the dauntless spirit of the intrepid lady. Hitherto, in the political world, the letters "C.B." have stood for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. After this they will signify Chamberlain and Boadicea.

It has occurred to me that recitations might well be employed in the House to relieve the tedium of debate and to enforce an argument—to point a moral and adorn a tale. For instance, during the absence of some prominent Unionists from the House, it seems to me that a good effect might be produced if Mr. Austen Chamberlain were to stand up at the table, and repeat, in a simple and unaffected manner, those moving lines from Casabianca, written by the good and gifted Felicia Hemans:

> The boy stood on the burning deck,
> Whence all but he had fled.

And what a magnificent effect would be produced if, in some fiscal debate when the iron and steel trade was mentioned, John Burns were to troll forth in his resounding voice:

> Under the spreading chestnut tree
> The village smithy stands.

The House badly needs a piano to relieve the monotony caused by the music of the lyre.

The new member making his first speech is not more entitled to pity than the gentleman who wants to and cannot catch the Speaker's eye. During the long debate on Free Trade which took place on the Address I saw Mr. James Leslie Wanklyn leap to his feet quite thirty times—and his leaps were all in vain. The mere physical exertion must have been enough to raise a ton one mile—while the mental strain was surely almost intolerable. At the end of that debate, James Leslie sat remote from all, a melancholy man.

For in the absence of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, a terrible responsibility rested upon the worthy member for Central Bradford. He was the one man who could tell us about it. He had given hostages to fortune by sending notes to the Press announcing that the next day would witness his reply to Lord Hugh Cecil and to all other unbelievers. Day after day he was to be seen in odd corners about the House, in corridors and lobbies, reciting his exordium, or giving a finishing touch to his peroration.

It is said too, that that badgered and bothered gentleman was caught studying dictionaries and volumes of familiar quotations. He pervaded the library, and was seen knee-deep in Blue Books. At first, when his efforts to get an innings failed he was amused, then he was slightly bored, after that he appeared annoyed, and, after passing through stages of anger, desperation, savagery, and fury, the debate ended without his views being laid before the House. As the end approached, I turned my face away, and thought of Byron's lines about

> . . . the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Rumour says that certain kind-hearted members mean to move the adjournment of the House to call attention to a definite matter of urgent public importance, to wit, the failure of Mr. James Leslie Wanklyn to unbosom himself about Free Trade. This would give him a chance—and, as a man of humane feeling, I hope this step will be taken, for at present the good man is left enduring what Mr. Gladstone once called "the intolerable pains of retention."

S. L. H.

The Topictator

AS HE APPEARED TO THE BATSMEN GOING & RETURNING.

[WILFRID RHODES AT MELBOURNE CAPTURED 11 VICTORIAN WICKETS FOR 67 RUNS]

AT IT AGAIN.

FIRST FALL TO JAPAN

"ARRÊTEZ—VOUS! ARRÊTEZ! MON AMI N'EST PAS PRÊT!"

"SO MUCH THE WORSE FOR HIM!"

THE MOST RESPECTFUL CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD WISHES [FG]

THE "TAILOR AND CUTTER" HAS CONSTITUTED ITSELF SARTORIAL CRITIC TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The Marquis Ito

The Marquis Ito, of the Council of Elder Statesmen, is one of the few leaders of the Japanese people who are opposed to the war. He is an old man, and has an old man's dread of fighting. None the less he has done some fighting in his time, and passed through some exciting experiences.

A Samurai by birth, like Viscount Hayashi, he advocated the Europeanisation of Japan as early as 1864, and was a marked man in consequence. Conspirators resolved to assassinate both him and his friend Inouye, and Inouye was actually assaulted and badly slashed about the face, though he managed to escape with his life. Ito, on his part, was tracked to the house of a "Geisha," on whom he was paying an afternoon call. The lady heard the assassins coming, and did what she could to protect her visitor. She lifted up a board and hid him under the floor of her apartment, and then proceeded to occupy herself with her toilette, as if she suspected nothing amiss. The assassins, it is said, found her filling her bath, which she had placed over the very spot on the floor under which the Marquis Ito was hidden. They asked where Ito was, and she replied that he had left some time before. They believed her, and instead of searching the house, set forth to search the town.

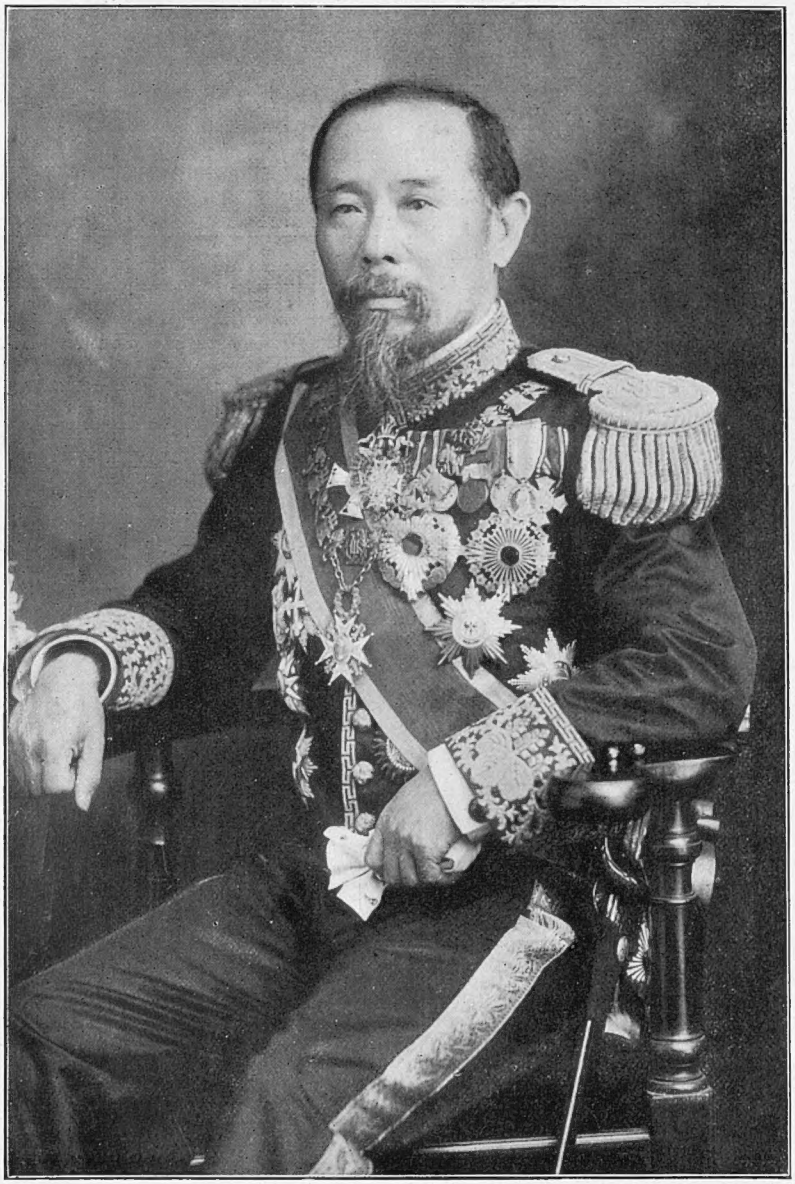


Photo by] **The Marquis Ito, G.C.B.** [*W. and D. Downey*

The G.O.M. of Japan, four times Premier of the Japanese Cabinet, and one of the few among the old *régime* who are opposed to the present War

When the road was clear, Ito took to flight, joined his friend, Inouye, and got safely to Kobe, the principal port of the Inland Sea. There they went to see a friend who was in business relations with a Liverpool house of business, which had a vessel lying in the harbour. This friend enabled them to secrete themselves as stowaways, and they actually remained for six and thirty hours, without food or drink, wrapped up inside bales of silk. Then, concluding that they must now be beyond Japanese waters, they emerged from their hiding-place, introduced themselves to the captain, and made a proposal, which he accepted, that they should work their passage to Liverpool in the character of stewards.

The story has been told that Ito, having got to London, was practically starving in our streets. His remittances, it is true, arrived irregularly, but things were never quite so bad as that. He went back, and Inouye went back with him, in 1867, when the crisis which resulted in the revolution of

the following year declared itself, and became the most trusted of the Mikado's counsellors. Now they sit side by side in the Genro, or Council of Elder Statesmen; and Ito has been several times Prime Minister.

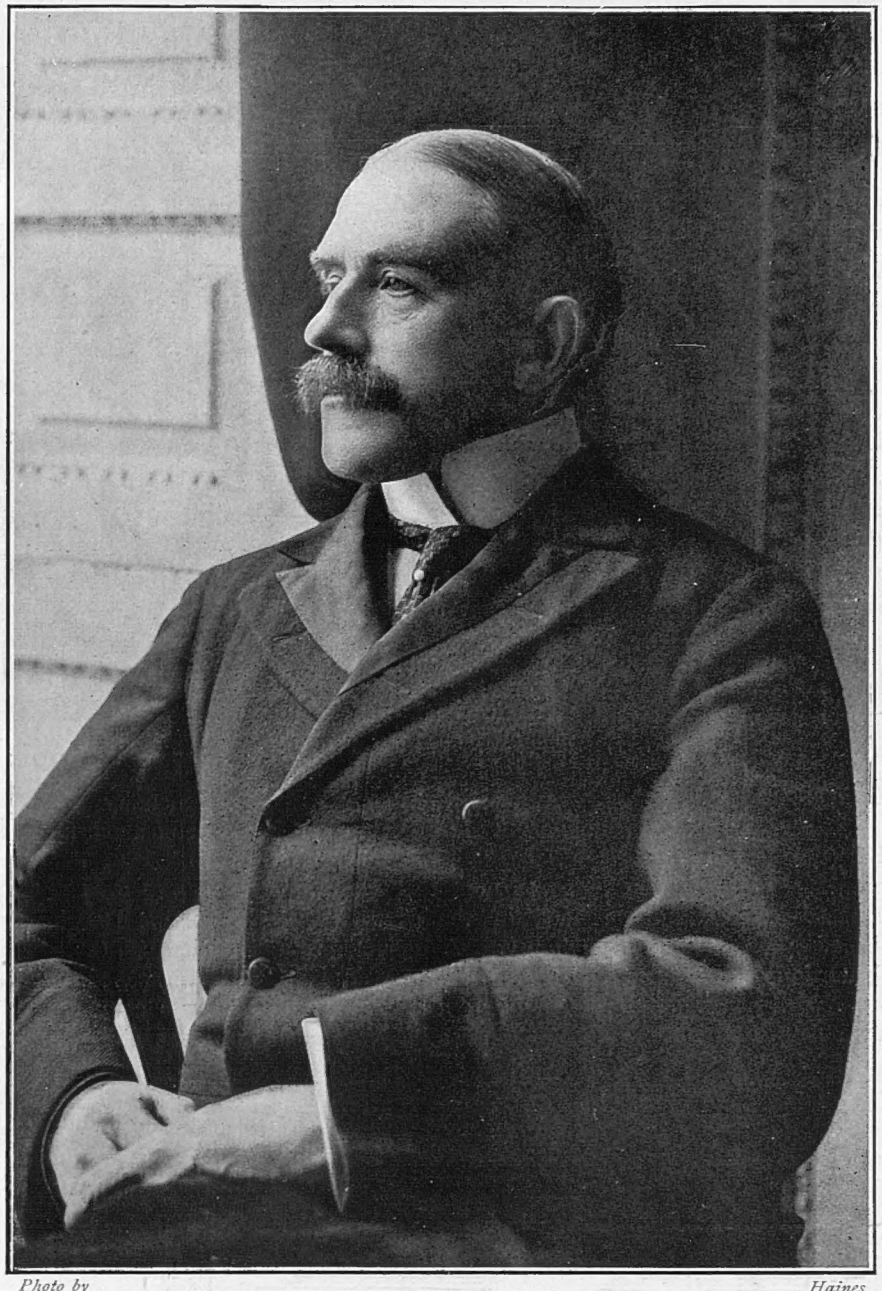


Photo by *Haines*

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, K.C.B., Secretary of the New Army Board

Colonel Ward's splendid work in the Commissariat Department during the South African War gained for him the appointment of Permanent Under Secretary of State. Sir George White once referred to him as "the best commissariat officer since Moses."

A Brilliant Amateur

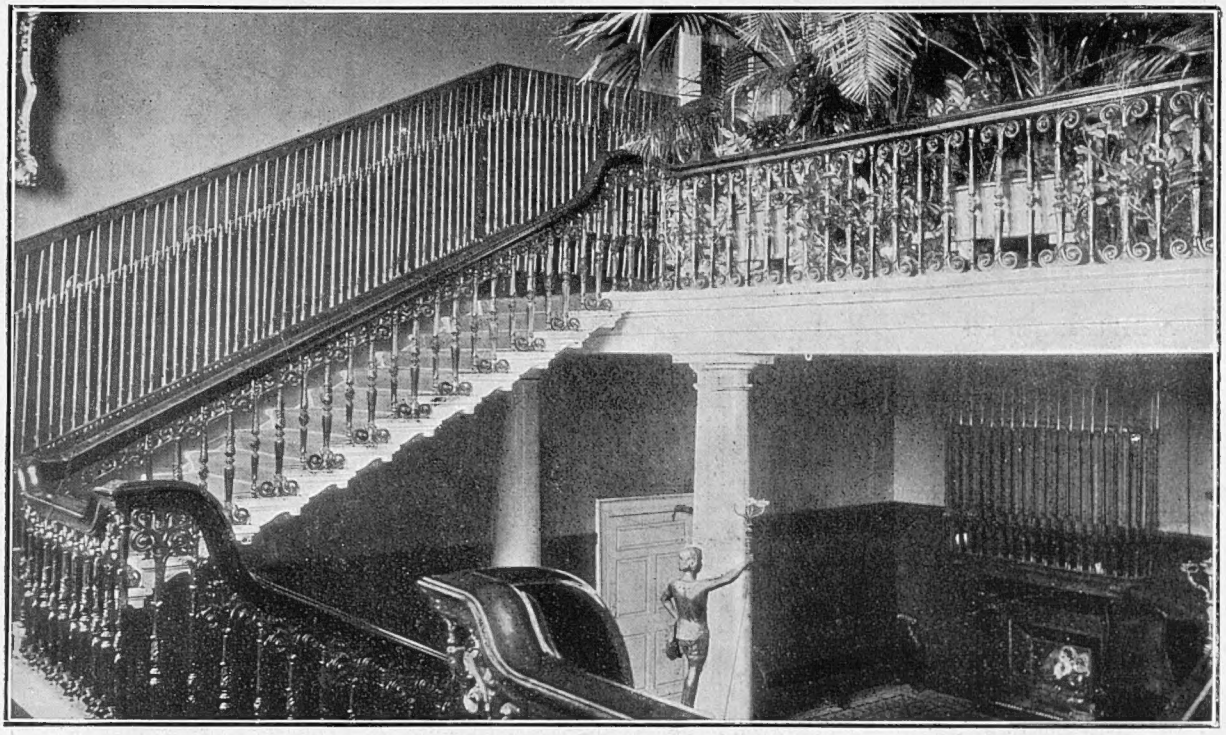
Lady Maud Warrender is one of the most brilliant amateur singers in Society, though there are, at the present moment, quite a number of fine musicians in the great world, the group including Lady Randolph Churchill, Princess Henry of Pless, and Lady Alexander Paget. Lady Maud is the youngest of the great Lord Shaftesbury's granddaughters, and all five sisters made excellent marriages, though at the time of Lady Maud Ashley's marriage to Mr. George Warrender he was only a younger son, though a little later he developed into an immensely wealthy baronet and owner of Bruntsfield House, one of the most delightful places near Edinburgh. Lady Maud Warrender is generally included in a Royal house-party, for her lovely voice—a deep contralto—gives such pleasure to the King and Queen, who are never tired of hearing her sing old-world Scottish ballads. Had she not been a musician, she might have been an artist, as is proved by her quaint and cleverly designed book-plates, in which is clear allusion, both to her love of art and music.

The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P.

The turning-point of the Right Hon. Charles Thomson Ritchie's political career has come to him late in life; for he has taken the momentous step of leading the Unionist Free Trade revolt at the age of sixty-five. He has never pushed himself forward; but he has been a pillar of the Conservative Party since he joined Lord Salisbury's first Ministry as Secretary to the Admiralty, and his Local Government Act of 1888 was, of course, one of the great pieces of constructive statesmanship of our time. He has been President of the Local Government Board and of the Board of Trade, and, later on, Home Secretary, and he resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer last year on account of his views on the Fiscal question. He is an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, an honorary Colonel of Volunteers, a freeman of Dundee (where he was born), a great reader in his spare time, and a hard-headed Scot by nature.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P.

Now that the *Telegraph* itself has been "bound to add" that Mr. Lloyd-George's speech on the Free Trade amendment was a very good one, we may take it that his position in our politics is finally established. This young Welsh solicitor (he is forty years old) has sat for the Carnarvon Burghs since 1890. Entering politics without influence or position, he stood entirely upon his local prowess in the Welsh "tithe war," and the candidature which brought him into Parliament had been regarded as a forlorn hope.

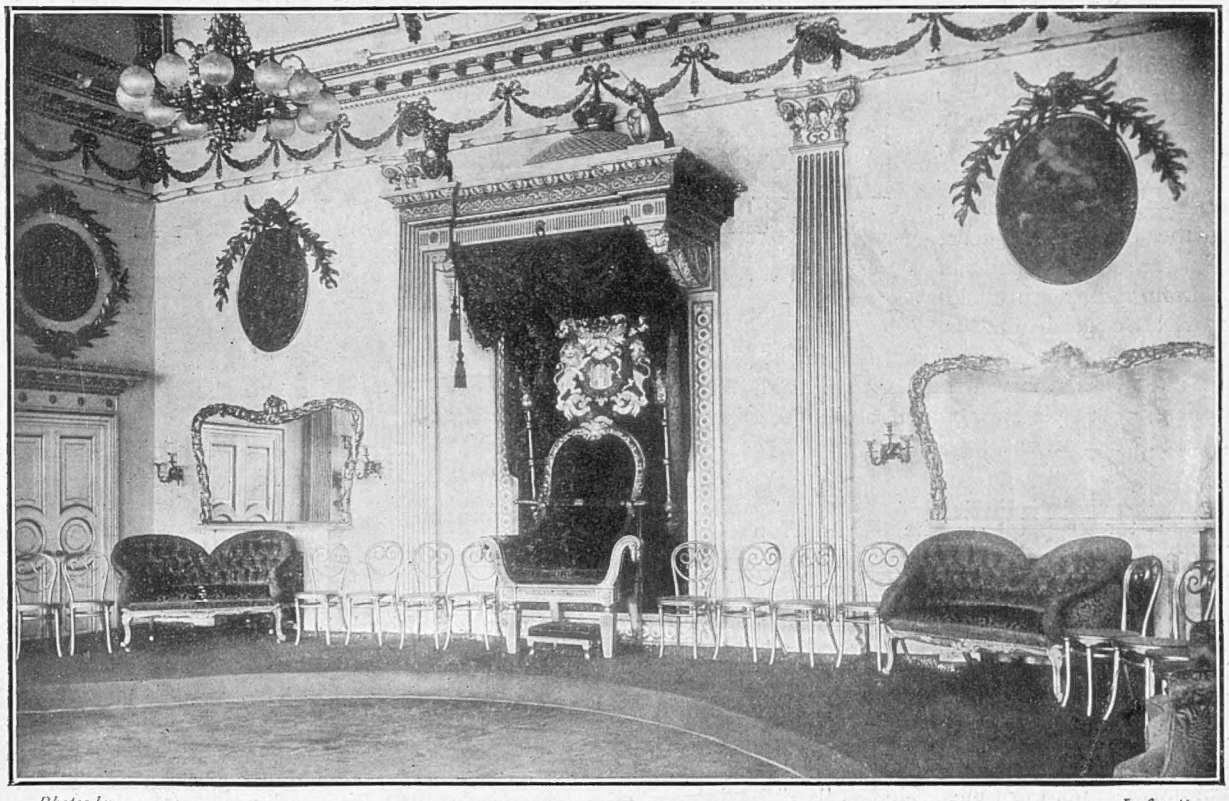


The Grand Staircase at Dublin Castle

Seeing that Mr. Lloyd-George made his chief success as the leading Nonconformist opponent of the Education Bill (the nature of which was largely altered by his amendments) it is interesting to note that he was educated at a Church school, in the charmingly named parish of Llanystymdwy. A courageous fighter in the unpopular minority during the War, he is now still more prominent in the front rank of the Free Trade legion. His wit and address, his grasp of Parliamentary strategy and his Celtic intensity of character, mark him out for a distinguished future.

Drawing-Room at Dublin Castle

The first Drawing-Room of the season was a very crowded one, there being over 1,000 present. General sympathy was expressed for Her Excellency Lady Dudley who was compelled to receive those presented sitting down, as she is far from strong, and has suffered



Photos by *Lafayette*

THE THRONE ROOM AT DUBLIN CASTLE

Where the King and Queen will Hold a Levée and Drawing-Room during their Forthcoming Visit to Ireland, in April

Lady Maud Warrender

One of Society's best amateur singers, who recently gave her services at the "At Home," in aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ragged School Union

Mrs. Claud Lambton

A popular hostess, whose husband is a brother of the Earl of Durham

Photo by

Her Excellency Lady Dudley

Lafayette

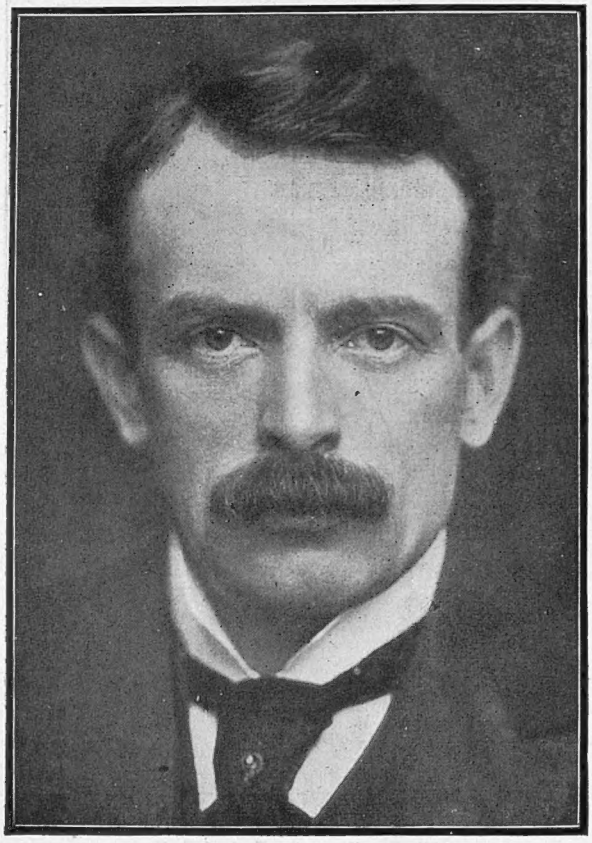
His Excellency the Earl of Dudley

Who recently held the first Drawing-Room of the season at Dublin Castle

"Poor Pillicoddy," as Performed by a Company of Amateurs at Broadway, Worcestershire

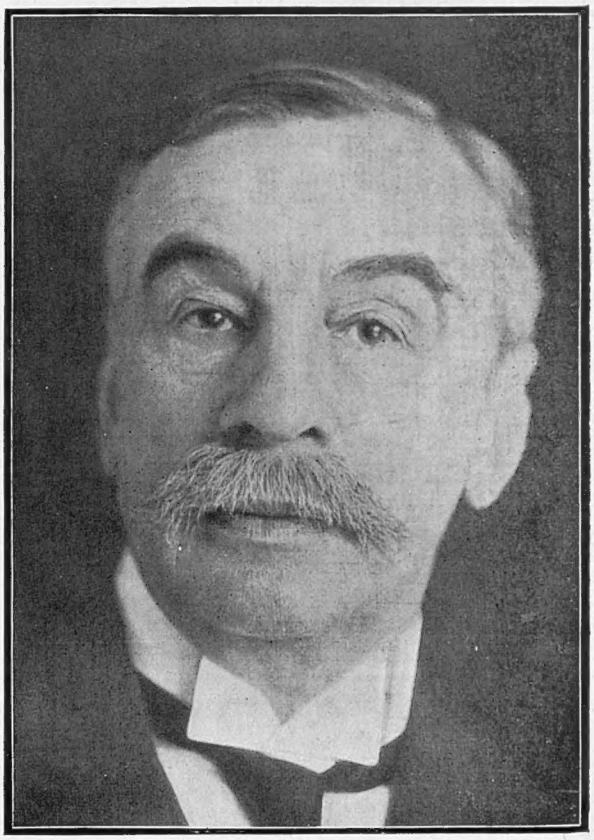
The scene represents the agitation of Mr. Pillicoddy (Mr. Peirse-Duncombe) upon encountering Captain O'Scuttle (Mr. E K. Middleton). Mrs. O'Scuttle (Mrs. Peirse-Duncombe, Mrs. Pillicoddy (Mrs. J. M. Pyke-Knott), and Sarah (Miss May Pemberton), completed the cast

lately from nerves. She looked very handsome in a lovely pure white Court gown, shimmering with glistening drops and pearls, the train composed entirely of white velvet. There were a great many lovely women present, amongst them being Lady Beatrice Pole Carew, Lady Evelyn Ward, Lady Mabel Crichton, Miss Violet Moore O'Farrell (who might have stepped out of a Greuze picture), and the Countess Annesley. On Thursday there was a dinner party, followed by a small dance, and on Friday, February 12, a ball, quite a small affair, the guests numbering but 250. The dresses were remarkably pretty, Lady Dudley again wearing white, which appears to be her favourite colour.



Photos by

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P.



Beresford

The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P.

Who made the greatest speeches for Free Trade during the Fiscal Debate

With the Long Bow

By G. K. CHESTERTON

As I said before, I stand here with the Long Bow in my hand, the weapon of romance, and defy all the clockwork weapons of modern science and precision. Scientific war is not what it pretends to be; it is a tangle of pedantry and perpetual blunders; people were quicker and cleverer and more thorough with the old English bow. Scientific philosophy is not what it pretends to be; it is a kaleidoscope of broken bits of information falling perpetually into futile patterns, always unsettled and yet always monotonous. There was more knowledge of life, more clear thinking and acting when men believed that the earth was flat and Africa full of unicorns. It is time to take down the Long Bow from the wall.

Of course I am all for telling the truth. It is necessary for practical human relationship, and moreover it keeps men's moral characters clear and active. Moreover there is another reason why the mere telling of vulgar lies is unworthy of the dignity of man. The act of creation, of making something out of nothing, is a much higher and more god-like function than the mere function of reporting and repeating things. Consequently a beautiful thing invented by the mind ought not to debase itself by pretending to be a mere fact. A liar is not a man who says something which is untrue; that is a poet. A liar is a man who is ashamed of saying what is untrue. Instead of being proud of having created something with his own wild and starry imagination (as he ought to be) he is vulgar and cowardly enough to wish to be considered truthful. To narrate a noble fiction and narrate it as a fact is like wearing a real diamond and telling everyone that it is a French paste. Or, to speak yet more accurately, it is like a man who has a beautiful child disowning his offspring and declaring that the baby was left on his doorstep.

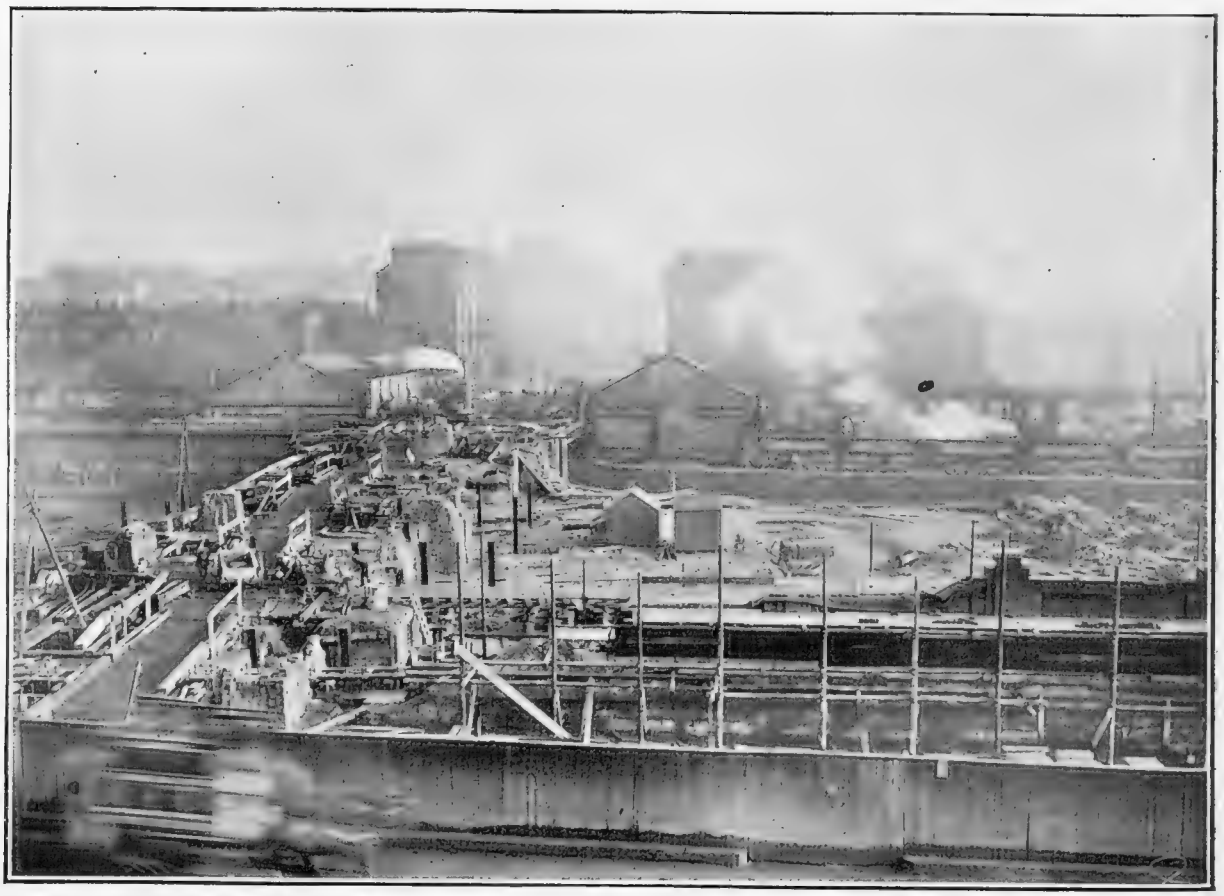
Take, for the sake of an agreeable vulgarity, the favourite instance employed by those rich and thoughtful observers of life, the editors of *Scraps* and *Comic Cuts*. I mean the instance of the gentleman who comes home with the milk and tells his wife a long story about sitting up with a sick friend. What is immoral and also inartistic about his action is not that the story is untrue, but that it meanly panders to probability. The man has conceived in the chambers of his own brain an idyll, a pathetic tale of sickness and comradeship, of loyalty and quiet pain, a grey and silver interlude. And instead of claiming his place as a poet, he merely tries to pass for the victim of an accidental circumstance. He pays too much honour to reality in seeking to simulate it. I have dwelt on this objection to lying at some little length, because it is somewhat neglected, and because it is always delightful to be sincerely the champion of morality. And there is something very satisfactory about having come to the conclusion without any desire for cheap paradox but solely by a contemplation of logic and of the facts, that a liar is a man who has too high a respect for mere veracity.

Having thus put my morality (that crystal thing) above question, I may hold myself at liberty to remark that liars would really be very valuable so long as we always knew that they were liars. Again, I disclaim paradox; but it is honestly the truth that in one sense at least more truth can be got out of liars than out of accurate narrators. And for this reason: that the lie is a product of their own mind, smacks of the soil, has the colour of their temperament, whereas an actual incident may have happened to them by mere accident, and have nothing to do with their characters at all. If the man coming home with the milk told his wife that he had been seized and held to ransom by Italian brigands masquerading in London as ice-cream vendors, his wife (in the not improbable event of her disbelieving him) would be able to make certain deductions about his most occult psychological machinery, would be able to see that he was a man of a certain type of imagination, with emotional preferences for a certain kind of romance. Whereas, if he had really been captured by brigands, it would not prove anything at all about his internal moral state, but merely suggest the external appearance of his hat and watch chain; for brigands do not select their victims with reference to their appreciation of the æsthetics of adventure. Granted that the man who says that he missed the last omnibus and the man who says that his coat-tails were caught in a balloon are both telling tales which are without foundation, it still remains that the man who can only invent an omnibus will be a very different man to the man whose faculty of falsehood can soar in a balloon among the stars.

The mendacious person, then, is not wholly mendacious; he is, in spite of himself, telling truth about something, though it is not about the matter which is, properly speaking, in hand. He is an utterer of irrelevant truth. He is like a man who, in answer to the question, "Do you smoke cigarettes?" should reply, "Confucius was an agnostic moralist." For this mendacious person's friend says to him, "Where were you yesterday afternoon?" and the mendacious person replies, in essence and in effect, "I am the possessor of a melodramatic imagination." In spite of himself, I repeat, he does reveal something. The liar turns the world upside down, he turns the sun to darkness and the moon to blood, he makes the grass blue and gives wings to the cattle, he distorts everything, conceals everything, wraps everything in veil after veil of a mocking mist. But there is one thing he cannot conceal, one thing that throughout his incantation stands naked before all men—himself.

Photo by] **St. Philip's Church, Regent Street, which is now being Demolished** [*Haines*

This edifice has recently been sold to the Crown, and is to be pulled down. The last sermon was preached by the Dean of Bristol, Incumbent of St. Philip's from 1860 to 1869. In his sermon the Dean referred, somewhat sadly, to the famous men and women who had worshipped in St. Philip's, drawing a contrast between those days and the dwindling congregations which had necessitated the demolition of the old church



London Improvements

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway is rebuilding and enlarging its West End Terminus, and the photograph shows the extensive work at the new Victoria Station

FROM ABROAD

The French Newmarket

It comes as a surprise to many people to know that in less than half-an-hour by express train from Paris, they can step into the streets of an entirely English town, but such is the fact. The railway-station of Chantilly is not much unlike other French railway-stations, but from the moment you step outside it you are practically in England, for Chantilly is the French Newmarket. Peopled by our compatriots, a quaint sidelight is thrown on the way in which the town is anglicised by most of the French folk in it speaking English. Although, of course, the names on many of the shops are French, although the *bureaux de tabac* wear the red carrot of the Government over their doorways, the outer aspect of the place is rather that of a small English village than a French one, and in the outskirts, where the wealthier jockeys and trainers live, the build of their houses and the arrangements of their pretty gardens, are English altogether. There is a look about the place which makes the British visitor instinctively remember that there are such things as draught beer, muffins and crumpets, bread and butter and jam for tea, and church on Sunday, and nobody would think of asking his way about the place in French, or if he did, the French in which he got his answer would prove more of a puzzle even than his own. On meet-days, the gathering round the lake whence the hunt starts, is an extremely picturesque one, and there again the British element is wonderfully conspicuous. There were quite an unusual number of pipe-smoking men in caps at a meet in the Forêt de Chantilly recently. And, of an afternoon, when the boys' Football Club of the Racing Stables' Institute meets for its run-about, it is a little hard to realise that we are not in England, although one or two of the team are French. Of course, although the racing at Chantilly has anglicised the place, the town was long before that famous both as

King Carnival in Nice: A Glimpse of the Procession of Masqueraders

A Group of Sightseers at the Carnival

An excellent coign of vantage from which to view the procession, and also to shower down confetti on the merrymakers below

One of the Boats at the Villefranche's Aquatic Fête, Decorated to Represent a Viking Galley, with Floral Shields Attached to the Sides

This Fortified Port is Situated Three Miles to the East of Nice. During Carnival Time Villefranche Forgets the stern Purpose for which it has been Fitted, and Contributes to the General Merriment by a Grand Aquatic Display of Flower-bedecked Boats

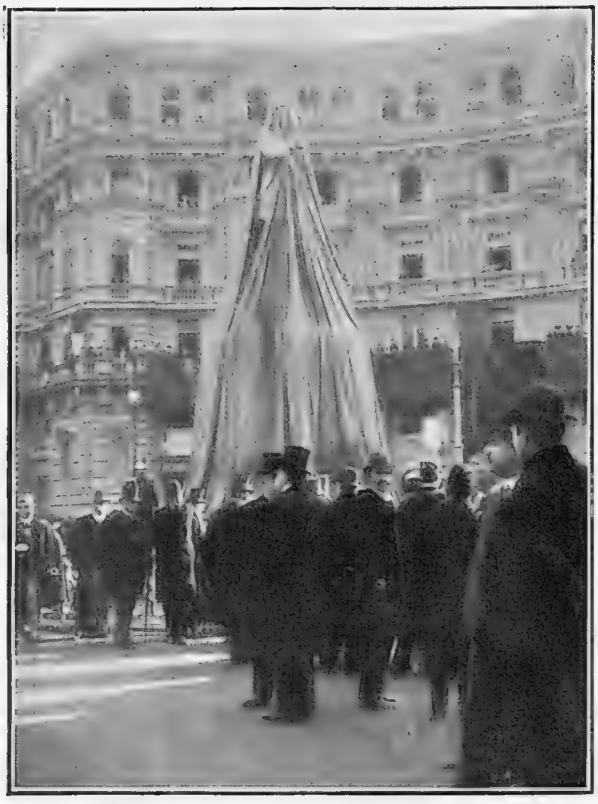
CARNIVAL TIME IN THE RIVIERA: THE FLORAL FÊTE AT VILLEFRANCHE

The High Street, Chantilly, where one Hears more English Spoken than French

the residence of the great Condé family and as the home of the Chantilly lace, which nowadays, however, is made there no more, but in the Department of Calvados. The Castle, which at his death the Duc d'Aumale presented to the French Academy, dates back to the ninth century. Here it was that Duke Henry, the grandson of Anne de Montmorency, was executed in 1632, but it was in the days of Louis II. of Condé, the Grand Condé as he was called, that the place reached its apogee. Here were given the great receptions to Louis XIV., which Madame de Sévigné describes in her letters, and here Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Fénélon, and Molière were among the most famous guests, but the grand *château*, as we know it, is of much more recent date, for the old building was destroyed in the Revolution. The present Castle was built by the Duc d'Aumale in 1876-1882, and it accommodates one of the most magnificent collections of pictures, works of art, gems, books, and furniture, to be seen anywhere in Europe.

The above is a Typical Jockey's Cottage, pleasantly Situated on the River Oise, just Outside the Town of Chantilly

CHANTILLY, THE "NEWMARKET" OF FRANCE



The Recent Unveiling of the Statue of Mayor Nicolaus Amoré, to whose Enterprise is due the Improvement in the Sanitary Arrangements of once Unhealthy Naples

Testing a Canvas Fire "Chute" at the St. Charles's Theatre, Naples

The Chicago Theatre fire has been taken to heart at Naples, and recently the above method of life-saving was adopted after a satisfactory test by soldiers

CURRENT EVENTS IN NAPLES

The Ladies' Donkey-Race

The Winner of the Gentlemen's Camel Race (half-mile). The rest of the field "Nowhere"

The Cigarette and Umbrella Race on Donkeys. Competitors on the Return Journey, with Lighted Cigarettes and Open Umbrellas

The Grand Stand at the Pyramid Sports

SPORT IN EGYPT, WHERE MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS RECOUPING: A GYMKHANA AT THE PYRAMIDS

"At the Sign of the Times"

FROST—AND THE YELLOW PERIL

Reflections upon No News

Which is the falsest of all the false proverbs abounding in our language? Set down here in Helsingfors — with no intelligence of the War, save what is two days old or more—I answer without hesitation—the proverb which says "No news is good news." No news good indeed! It is bad, infuriating, insufferable, and the saying is absurd. Only a hermit, or someone bent on administering desperate consolation, could repeat that no news was good news with any appearance of believing it. And even he—if a newspaper containing all the variety of facts were laid before him—would not, I think, refrain from reading it.

So Improperly Described

I am no hermit, and a stale *Berliner Tageblatt* does not satisfy me in the slightest. Not even a fresh *Berliner Tageblatt* would satisfy me for that matter. The information is too much inspired; its expression too much involved. The *Daily Telegraph's* descriptions of the King opening Parliament or of some similar gorgeous event read like simple and Shakesperean prose compared with the *Berliner Tageblatt*. And the reason for that is not so much that the editor of the latter journal desires to be all things to all men (except Englishmen, perhaps) and to say nothing in one part of a sentence that is not contradicted or counterbalanced or made capable of meaning something quite different in another part of the same sentence (except in the case of references to England)—it is not so much that the editor has to keep these objects in view as that he has to express himself in the German language. Anyone who can do that and do it simply, becomes a classic at once, as German literature shows. But journalists do not, as a rule, become classics at once.

As Good News

If I get little satisfaction from reading a stale German newspaper, I get still less from looking on—amid a crowd of Finns—at the latest supplement of the local journal displayed in a shop window. I can distinguish words here and there: the names of the combatants, military and naval terms—bombardment, squadron, cruisers, night attack, list of killed and wounded—but thereafter I am lost. I rush round to a Finnish friend to be set right. "Alas!" he says, "three of the best Russian ships are blown into the sky!" The words are the words of a Russian, but the twinkle of the eye is the twinkle of a Finn. And he adds: "Of course there may be worse news; we are not likely to be told of it in a hurry." So that news on the spot is no news worth having.

Lead the Writer to Talk at Random

Nevertheless, by being here in Finland one does realise one or two things which are likely to count for much in this war. One is the extraordinary inclemency of the weather in which it will have to be waged. Here the thermometer is thirty degrees below zero. A man's breath as he walks clings to his neck and rings him round with a white collar of frost. To walk too fast is to be choked with the cold, to stand still is to be paralysed. Land and sea are one indistinguishable expanse of snow, which squeaks underfoot like mice—as though, it were hurt by your treading, and not you. The drivers of the one-horse sledges that go drumming over it—there is nothing sounds so much like a drum as a sledge driven fast over hard snow—look like stuffed bags of clothing, so thickly are they dressed. Soldiers on a campaign cannot always get the clothes they need, nor yet the half of them; and in the Far East—one hears—the cold is matchless.

About Frost, Russians,

Here there is something harder to face than the guns of the enemy — something that may bring back memories of the horrors of the Crimea, and the more awful horrors of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, in which half of a vast army died of the cold alone. . . . "The road to Kowno was not to be mistaken. On either side of it, like fallen landmarks, the dead lay huddled on the snow. Sometimes [they] found the remains of a fire, where, amid the ashes, the chains and rings showed that a gun-carriage had been burnt. The trees were cut and scored where, as a forlorn hope, some poor imbecile had stripped the bark with the thought that it might burn. Nearly every fire had its grim guardian, for the wounds of the injured nearly always mortified when the flesh was melted by the warmth. Once or twice, with their ragged feet in the ashes, a whole company had never awakened from their sleep."

And Other Subjects

I quote from one of the latest historians of that campaign, because these grisly memories are not of our generation. We have yet to realise how potent is winter—that ally with whom Russia has made an everlasting treaty. Fortresses like Sveaborg, the Gibraltar of the North, which stands a mile and a half from where I write, across the frozen harbour of Helsingfors, or Port Arthur—at the other end of this illimitable Empire—seem mere luxuries of defence in view of this defensive and offensive alliance between the Tsar and King Frost. So, at least, it seems for the moment.

Which can be Found by Referring to the Text

Meanwhile I look out on the grey coats and the brown of the Russian army engaged peaceably enough at present. One is shoving a hand-sleigh containing a basket full of eggs which he has just bought; another is bargaining with a Carelian market-woman for a bottle of cream. They have no more news than I. It is within the bounds of probability that they have never heard of Japan, or of the Yellow Peril which my *Tageblatt* has been denouncing so pedagogically for months past in the perfect assurance that Peace was the one thing certain. Well, they may yet hear some whisper of it, for where war is the one thing certain, one is told of events even in a country where there is no news. MINIMUS.

Moti Lal

Rao Rajah Amar Singh

Maharajah of Ulwar

Captain Ricketts

The Ulwar State (Rajputana) Team, Polo Champions of India, and Some Other Well-known Players

The Ulwar players may be distinguished by a device of crossed daggers on their jerseys

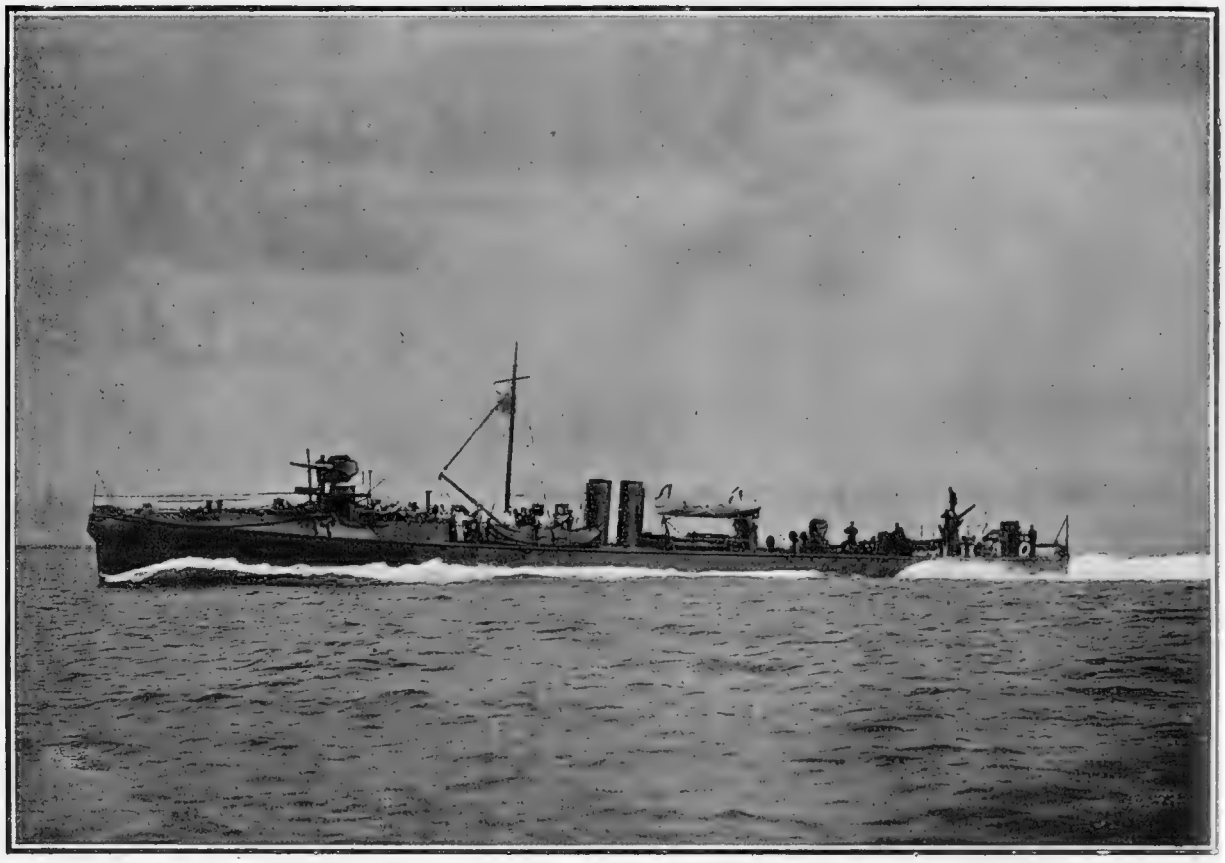
The Indian Polo Champions

By their victory in the Durbar International Tournament at Delhi last year, the Ulwar State (Rajputana) team definitely asserted their claim to the title of polo champions of India. They won both the Mhow Open and Rajputana tournaments in 1899, and again in 1900. The Indian Polo Association Championship Cup is also held by Ulwar, for they had two successive victories, in 1901 and 1902, while last year the tournament fell through. The Maharajah of Ulwar himself plays in the team, besides two other natives—Moti Lal and Rao Rajah Amar Singh—while their No. 3 is Captain R. L. Ricketts, of the Indian Army, who is an Old Wykehamist, and one of the best cricketers in Northern India.

The Bombay Tournament

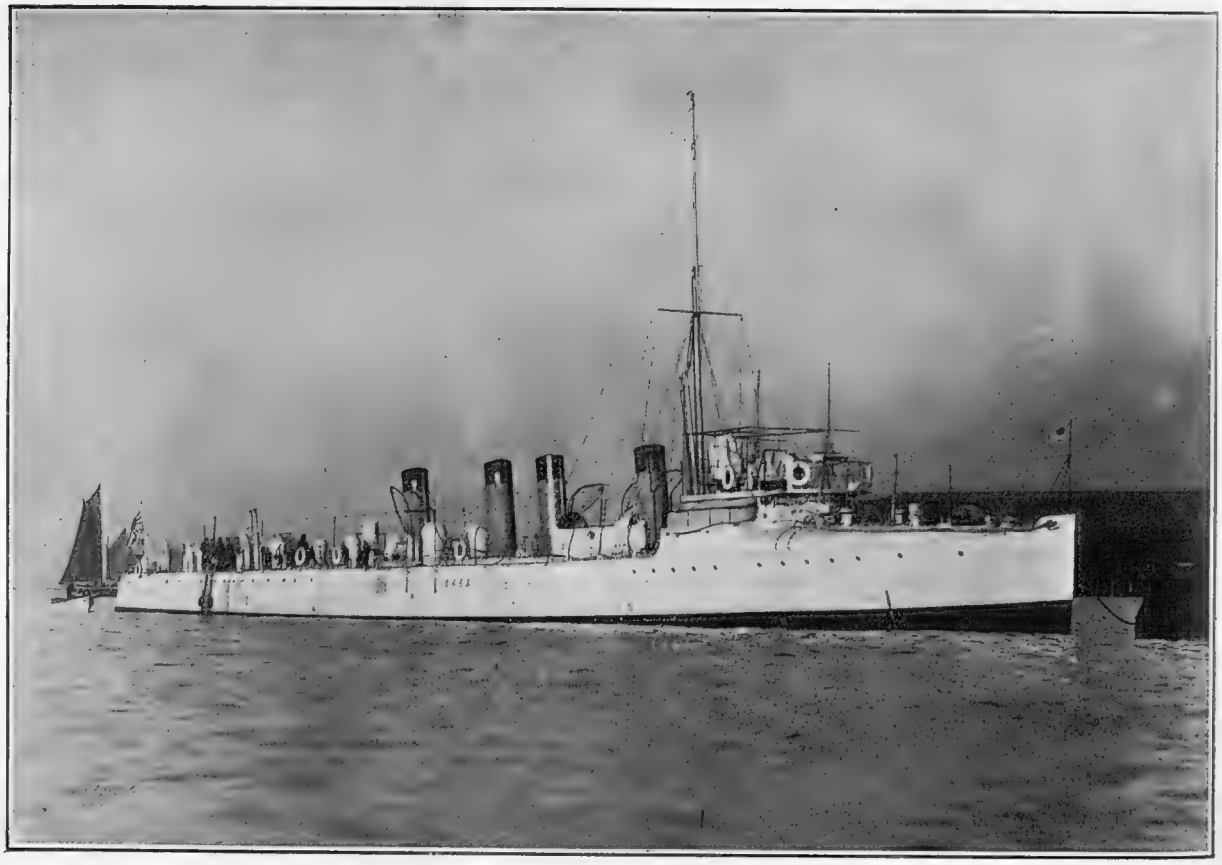
The Open Tournament at Bombay at one time ranked with the most important in India. It was instituted as far back as 1882, the first winners being the Central India Horse, who had a sequence of three wins. But after the Durham Light Infantry's win in 1896, the tournament lapsed for five years, owing to the plague and other causes. It was revived in 1901, when the entries included Ulwar, the Golcondas from Hyderabad, who are the South of India champions, and the 20th Hussars, who had, earlier that year, won the Indian Inter-Regimental. In the photograph given herewith, the Ulwar players have a device of crossed daggers on the breast, the Golcondas have sashes, and the 20th Hussars are wearing dark jerseys. The other players competing (in white shirts) were a team of the Bombay Gymkhana, consisting of Messrs. Fischer, D. N. Graham, F. A. Prevost, and Bourne. The Maharajah of Ulwar is sitting in the centre of the group, and Captain Ricketts is also in the middle row. L. V. L. S.

IN THE FAR EAST: Some of the Warships



A Small Destroyer, Built for the Japanese Government by Messrs. Yarrow & Co., of Poplar

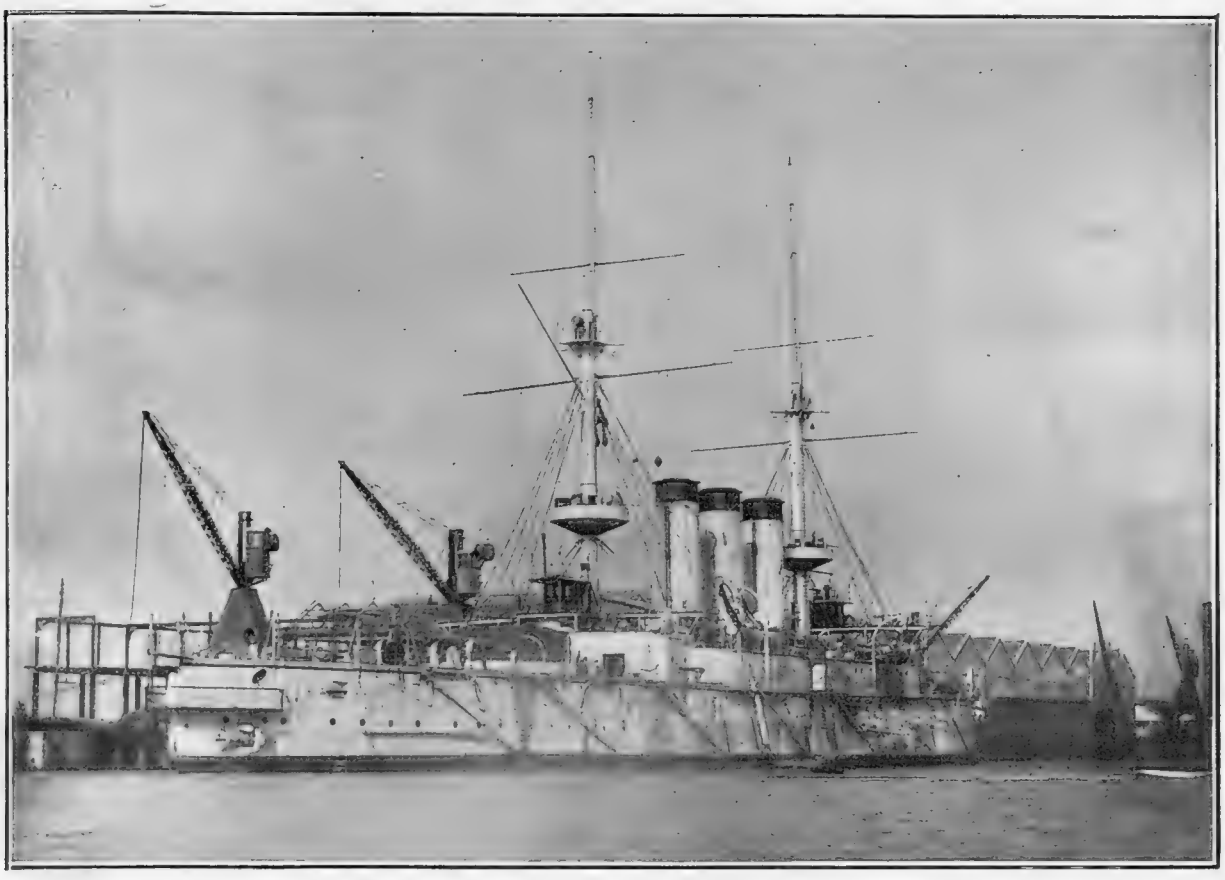
It will be remembered that it is with her smaller craft that Japan has made such deadly havoc among the Russian fleet



The "Shirakumo," one of Japan's Newest Torpedo Boat Destroyers

This vessel, which was built by Messrs. Thorneycroft, of Chiswick, has a length of 216ft. 9ins, and is capable of a speed of 31 knots

Types of Japan's Larger Fighting Craft



The Japanese Battleship "Shikishima" (15,000 tons), Fitted with four 12 in., fourteen 6 in., and many Smaller Guns
She carries 741 men in her crew, and is capable of a speed of 18½ knots

The Japanese Battleship "Mikasa" is of the same Tonnage as the "Shikishima," and is Fitted with practically the same Armament.

Types of the Rival Fleets

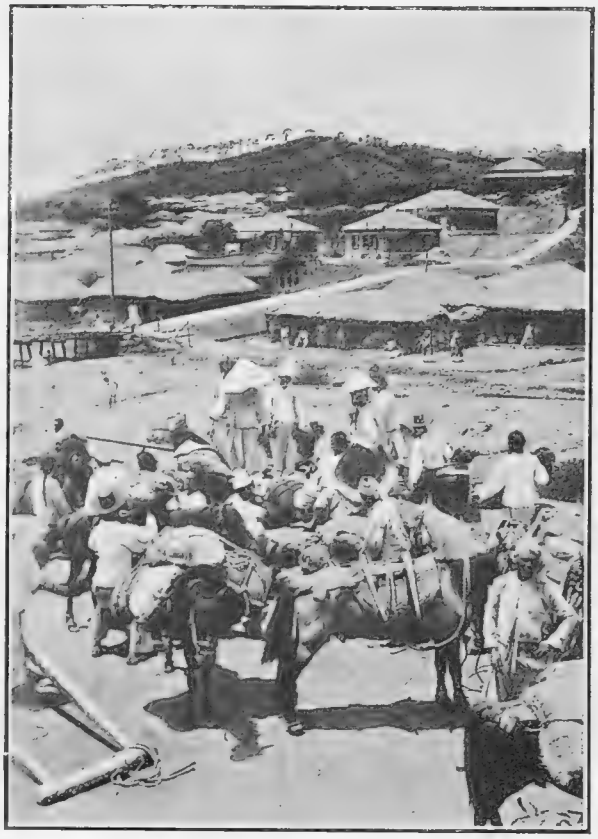
The Japanese Cruiser "Takasago," 4,160 tons; Speed, 23 Knots.

The Russian Battleship "Pobieda," 12,674 tons, with a Speed of 19 Knots, Differs very slightly in Tonnage and Armament from the Disabled "Retvizan" and "Tsarevitch"

At Seoul, the Korean Capital, recently Occupied by the Japanese

The Temple of Heaven, Seoul

A typical specimen of Korean ecclesiastical architecture

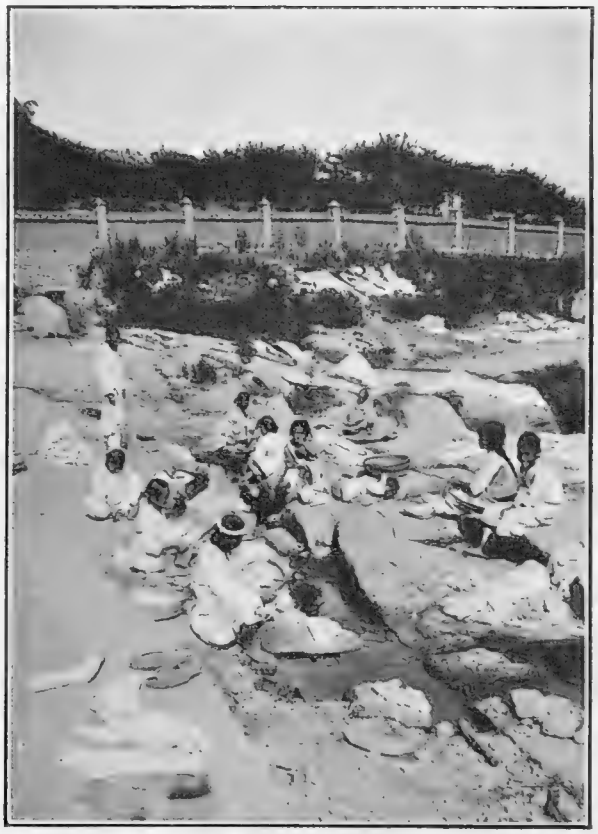


Coolies Loading Rice at the Railway Station

The Koreans are a mild, inoffensive people, though supinely lazy, for they will put aside the most serious work to bask in the sunshine

The French Legation and City Wall

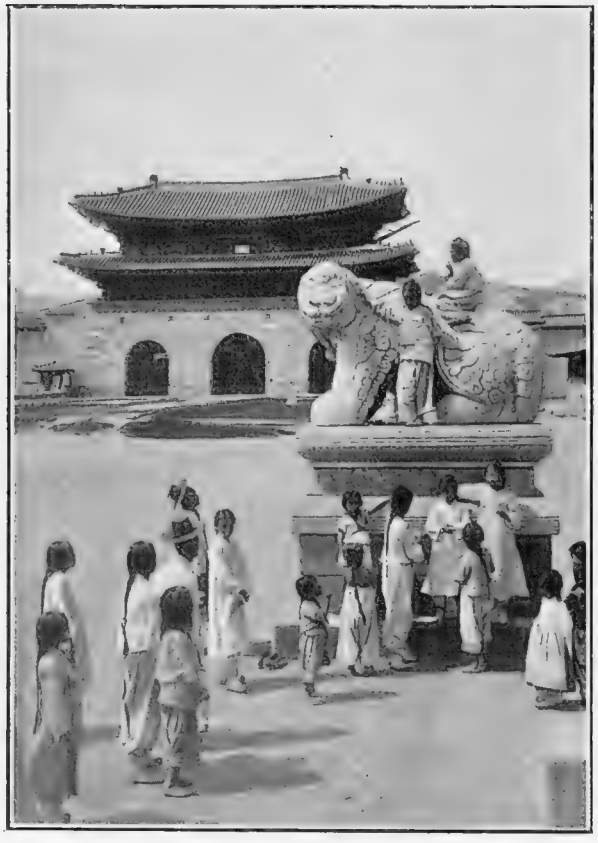
The coolies in the foreground are working on a curious Eastern device for hardening the foundations of a new building



Native Women Washing Clothes

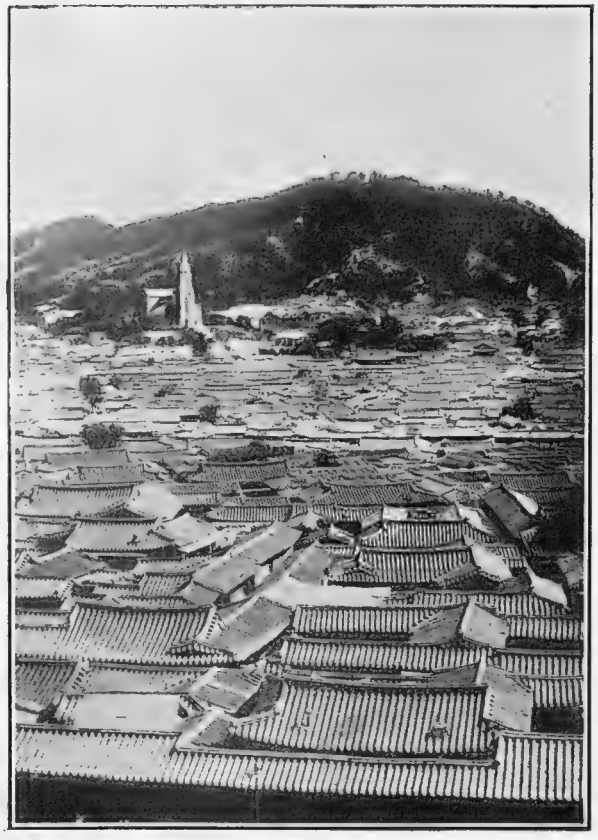
This process consists in beating the clothes against large flat stones, which, although it cleanses them, soon wears them out

Glimpses of Life in "The Land of the Morning Calm"



One of the Famous Stone Lions at the Entrance to the Royal Palace, Seoul
Unlike Japanese and Chinese palaces, the Palace at Seoul is almost destitute of native art, as the Korean artistic faculty seems to have been obliterated

The Entrance to Seoul from the East
In the foreground is a pack train, which has just entered the city through the East Gate, seen in the distance



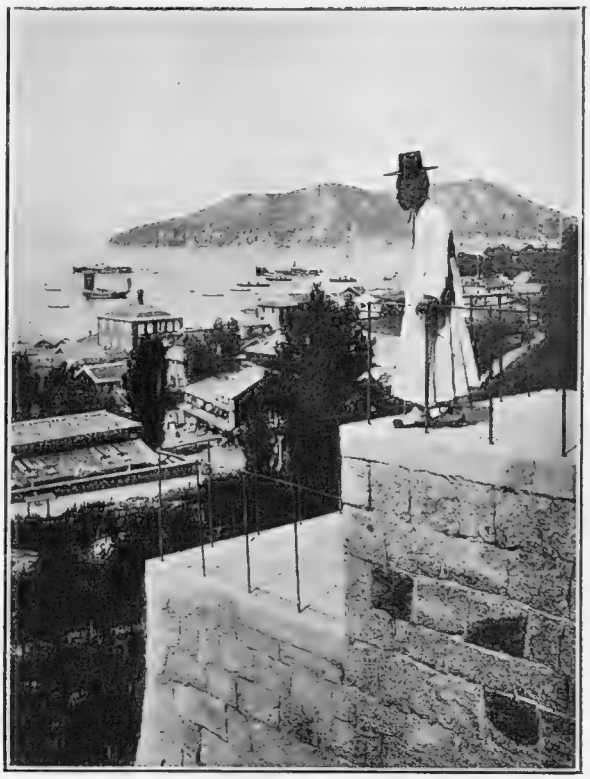
Above the Roofs at Seoul
In the distance rises the majestic spire of the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Behind is the mountain Nam San

Travelling in the Streets of Seoul
A Korean beauty going out in her sedan chair to make calls

Scenes at the Seat of War in the Far East

"Young Korea"

A group of Korean children basking in the sun. The di apidated appearance of the buildings, seen behind, is characteristic of Korean indolence



Looking West over the Harbour of Chemulpo

It was in the bay, shown above, that the first shots of the war were fired

On the Bund at Chemulpo

Great excitement prevailed in this quarter when morning dawned on the first naval engagement of the war

Korean Fishing Boats in Fusan Harbour

The fishermen are seen unloading seaweed, which is an article of diet greatly relished by Koreans as well as Chinese

CONCERNING THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

The size in hats taken by the Lord Chief Justice of England is a part of the romance of modern commerce. A good many babies are born into the world with heads of very much the same shape and relative bigness; but it is surprising to note what ordinary little heads those babies usually have when they come to be men. The cranial development of the infant that was named Richard Everard Webster some sixty-one years ago, kept pace, it seems, with his bodily growth, and there are few men to-day who can boast of an area and cubic capacity of skull to equal Lord Alverstone's. And not an inch of space is wasted. Behind that almost bursting brow the law is packed as tight as it will go. It is all there. If there were any more, Lord Alverstone would manage to stow it away with the rest, perhaps; but nervous people would rather not see him try.

The admirable tradition which the late Lord Russell of Killowen established in the Lord Chief Justice's Court, a tradition of hard work, sound law, and speedy delivery of justice, has been faithfully carried on by Lord Alverstone, who is undoubtedly among the best judges of our times. Undermanned as the Bench is, there have been complaints of his absence on international business, such as his work as a British Commissioner in the recent Alaskan Boundary inquiry. Lord Alverstone played the most difficult part of his life, perhaps, on that Commission; for he had, following his view of the evidence, to decide against Canada's claim and in favour of the United States. His decision, in which his two Canadian fellow-Commissioners refused to join, agreed with those of the three American jurists on the Commission; and immediately Lord Alverstone's name was greeted with a storm of opprobrium throughout the Dominion of Canada. Allegations of "political reasons" which had influenced him were freely made; allegations such as are seldom advanced against an English judge in our days.

The Lord Chief Justice has perhaps an opinion of his own on the question as to which of his innumerable cases at the Bar was the most important; but certainly, from the public's point of view, his leadership of the attack on "Parnellism" before the famous *Times* Commission was the most striking of his public appearances as a barrister. It was, as all know his great predecessor in the high office he now holds who opposed and (with the assistance of Mr. Pigott of the forgery) defeated him. There is no better example than this of the unimportance of the political element in the composition of the Bench; for in the days when Lord Alverstone was Sir Richard Webster, and could have had as many political opinions as he liked, he was as notable a pillar of Toryism as Lord Russell had been of the other faith. He was thrice Attorney-General under Lord Salisbury, and fifteen years a Conservative Member of Parliament. It was always felt, however, that the Lower House was no place for Sir Richard—he looked so like a Bishop.

Not to have heard Lord Alverstone sing is to have flung away the best of life. We believe he has conquered the craving of late years; but in other days, at St. Mary Abbott's, in Kensington, "his voice o'ertopped the rest" in the choir, of which he was the loudest and largest member. In private, we have heard, the notes that used to make the present Bishop of Peterborough glance timidly toward the quivering rafters are still occasionally lifted up.

The Lord Chief Justice is one of those judges, of whom the Bench is seldom without one or two examples, who rank in the sublime aristocracy of Blues. His was gained in Cambridge, where he was at Trinity, and held a scholarship thereof. The cinder-path was his diversion: the mile and two miles his distances, at which he ran like a young fawn. In addition to his athletic honours, he attained the coveted position of thirty-fifth Wrangler, and was a third class Classic.

It may or may not have been his fame as a pedestrian that gained him the position as Postman of the Court of Exchequer, which he held as a junior at the Bar. When he had laid aside the spiked shoe and the logarithm, and taken up the wig and the gown (which happened in 1868), his path to success was no less swiftly covered than his University mile had been. He joined the South Eastern Circuit, and soon began to draw up to his leaders. It was but ten years before he took silk.

Politics beckoned him in 1880; but the beckoning was deceitful, for he contested Bewdley without success, Fate having decreed that it was high time he failed at something, for a change. But in 1885 Launceston opened her arms to him, and in the same year he was summoned to the counsels of the Ministry as Attorney-General. Early in the next year, Mr. Jesse Collings's amendment to the Address on the subject of Three Acres and a Cow threw out Lord Salisbury; but he was back, and Sir Richard Webster with him, in seven months' time, Home Rule having been proposed and defeated. It reappeared, however, in 1892, and Sir Richard was in the shades of Opposition until 1895. After five years of his third term of office as Attorney-General, he became Master of the Rolls, and immediately afterwards what he now is.

There is no judge more popular or more respected than the subject of this admiring memoir. He is a Savage, and his love of sport remains strong in him. He is a lawyer of international repute, and a genial man to all who surround him. As the gentleman said who proposed his health at the Box Supper of St. Clement Dane's this year, "He has a nice, kind face."

The Lord Chief Justice of England

Hardy Annuals

Hardy annuals are the first things with which the amateur gardener begins his operations, probably in early childhood, in a little square patch tucked away in the kitchen garden; and of late years they have come to be almost the last thing to be considered. They shared, to some extent, the downfall which overtook the bedding-out plants, raised at such care and expense, when more worthy ideas of gardening began to be followed and hardy perennials took their proper place in the garden picture. But to exclude altogether a race so gay, so fragrant, and so easily grown, is foolishness, and the best gardeners are now again coming to see that annuals have their place, and an important place too, amongst the cherished plants of other habits. I read, the other day, in some gardening paper, a list of good resolutions made by an enthusiastic amateur on New Year's Day. Amongst them was this: "No annuals!" Could anything be more absurd? A book-lover might as well resolve that he would buy "No books with red bindings!" To adopt the words of a recent popular song, "Everything in the garden's lovely," and the best of the hardy annuals are as lovely as anything that can be grown.

Their Place in the Garden

There are several ways of growing hardy annuals, from each of which beautiful effects can be gained. In Lord Windsor's garden, at St. Fagan's, near Cardiff, is a garden given up entirely to annuals, grown in separate beds, divided by broad grass paths. Such a garden must be a great delight, and the number of blooms for picking for the house practically inexhaustible. The broad groups of the flowers successfully solve one aspect of the question of growing annuals. They must never be scattered about, and their effect lost by dotting them in mean little patches here and there. I should think, however, that parallel broad borders, divided by a grass path, which would be treated as to the arrangement of the flowers much in the same way as a good border of hardy perennials, would be more attractive still, only it would need infinite care in order to get the colours right, and on no account would the necessity of breadth have to be lost sight of. Where space would not allow of a separate garden, or even a separate border being given up to annuals, there are many places where they can be used to advantage. Especially is this so where part of the herbaceous border is occupied in the spring

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The Rose Garden at Highbury, the Beautiful Home of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain near Birmingham

Copyright of *The Bystander*

A Corner of The Fernery

Copyright of *The Bystander*

Where the Famous Chamberlain Orchids are Grown

by large groups of bulbs. When the leaves of the daffodils and tulips have died down will be quite time enough to make the sowings, which may well be deferred until May or even early June.

How to Sow

The most frequent mistake in sowing seeds and the one that is responsible more than any other for the dislike expressed by the inexperienced gardener for annuals, is that they are sown far too

Copyright of *The Bystander*

The Begonia House at Highbury

thickly. A whole packet of seeds is sometimes devoted to a square yard of ground, which, if properly sown, would cover twenty times that space, or even more. One seed of Nemophila, for instance, if given room, will grow into a plant a yard in circumference, bearing hundreds of flowers. The seed must therefore be sown very sparsely, and when the seedlings show above ground, they must be thinned unsparingly. Room to develop is half the battle. Another point to remember is that the plants must not be allowed to seed, if a continuous season of bloom is desired, This means that some trouble must be taken, but it is surely worth it to gain the vivid show which a bed of annuals will make right up to the threshold of winter. The last point, or perhaps the first, is to buy seeds from reliable sources. The best dealers charge heavily, but their seeds are the cheapest in the long run, for nearly all of them will germinate, while with the cheap packets from unknown sources, a large proportion of the seeds are sterile.

A Selection

The following selection contains some of the best of the hardy annuals, which can be sown where they are to bloom. It does not pretend to be exhaustive, and it omits everything that approaches to the half-hardy, and has, of necessity, to be raised in a frame. Of course, results from many of the following can be hastened by starting them in a frame, but all will grow well if sown where they are to bloom, and some will only bloom if raised in that way.

Bartonia aurea. Yellow. 18 in. Sow in April. Thin to a foot apart.

Brachycome iberidifolia (Swan River Daisy). Can be had either blue or white. 9 in. Sow in April or May.

Chrysanthemum carinatum.

Atrococcineum. Single. Scarlet.
Burridgeanum. Single. Crimson, yellow and white.
Dunnetti. Double. Yellow and white.

Chrysanthemum Coronarium (Crown Daisy). Double. Yellow and white.

Chrysanthemum Segetum grandiflorum (Corn Marigold). Yellow.

All of these grow to the height of two or three feet. Seed should be sown in April or May, and well thinned out. A sowing of the last variety in autumn will give stronger flowers.

Clarkia.—Purple Queen, Salmon Queen, and White Queen are the best varieties, beautiful in colour, and growing about eighteen inches to two feet high. Seed may be sown from the middle of March until the middle of June, to get a succession, and in warm soils in the autumn.

Coreopsis.—Atrosanguinea. Deep yellow. 3 ft.
Drummundi. Golden, brown in centre. 18 in.
Coronata. Yellow. 18 in.

Sow in the autumn, or from mid-March to mid-June. Thin well.

Eschscholtzia. *Crocea.* Saffron.
Crocea alba. White.
Crocea flore pleno. The only double form.
Mandarin. Orange and crimson.

One foot high. Sow in autumn or spring.

Godetia. *Lady Albemarle.* Crimson. 1 ft.
Bijou. Red and white. 6 in.
Duchess of Albany. White. 1 ft.
The Bride. White with crimson centre. 1½ ft.

There are dwarf kinds of Lady Albemarle and Duchess of Albany about six inches high. Can be sown in September, or any time from March onwards. Thin to six inches apart.

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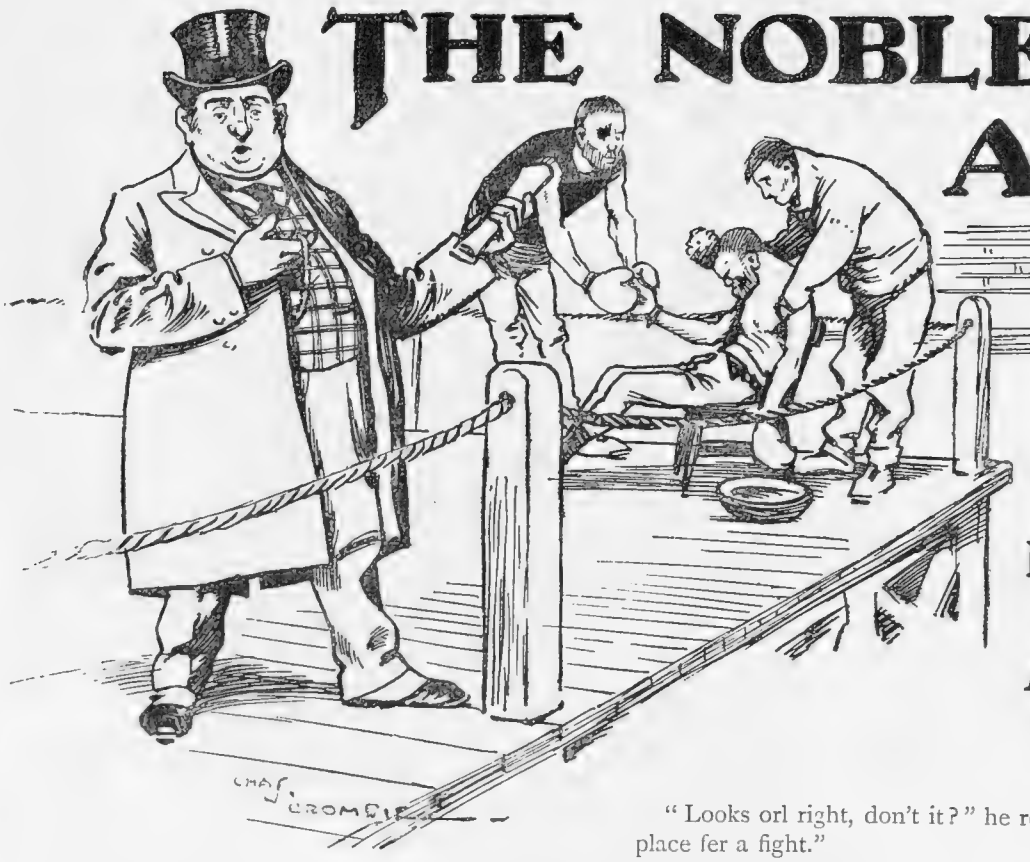
The Corridor Leading to the Orchid Houses at Highbury

THE NOBLE ART



"Knocked out! by the Lord Harry!"

By INGLIS ALLEN

An entrance through turnstiles into a deserted vestibule, an embarrassing march along a forlorn corridor, between rows of desperate stall-girls, a hardly less trying ascent up a hundred and forty-one stairs, each marked with a persevering cigarette advertisement, a surrender of my ticket at the top to an embittered attendant, moodily eating walnuts in a doorway, and I emerge at last upon my destination: a large block of seats, high up in a vast and sparsely populated amphitheatre, with a view down upon a dismal arena, surrounded by a bicycle track.

Some half-dozen spectators, huddled together as though for warmth, make a small dark patch on the area of the seats before me; near these, to the windward of their tobacco, I seat myself upon a narrow allowance of some peculiarly unyielding substance, and, after an ineffectual attempt to seduce the attention of a distant programme girl from the perusal of a letter, resign myself to a contemplation of the arena, empty as yet of performers, and depressing enough in its silence under the steely light of the huge blue globes. In the middle stands a raised square platform, roped in from the corners, its planks shining ominously in the same grisly light.

"Looks orl right mate, don't it?"

I recall my gaze from the arena, and behold, seated beside me, a large man, with a face and beard of such violently different shades of red that their combination seems somehow to be in bad taste. He removes a short clay pipe.

"Looks orl right, don't it?" he repeats. "Pretty place fer a fight."

"Heavenly," I agree.

"You're right," he affirms. "Nar 'oo der you reckon's the best boxer 'ere ternight?"

I look round again for the letter-reading girl. He hands me his programme.

"Nar without tellin' no lies," he urges, "'oo der you reckon's the best o' the lot?"

Hesitating to display my ignorance, I scan the programme critically, and after some consideration suggest Mr. Puncher Blogg, of Hackney, as a likely man. Immediately I realise that my choice has been an unfortunate one.

"Puncher Blogg!" exclaims my neighbour with indignant scorn. "'*E* ain't no good now! Why, 'e couldn't knock *you* over!"

I express my horror of the sad degeneracy of Mr. Blogg.

"Not when you was boozed 'e couldn't," he adds.

I assure him of the additional sense of security with which this inspires me.

"Pun-cher Blogg!" he repeats with withering contempt "I shud like ter see *'im* punch 'is granmother!"

I allow this inhuman speech to pass without comment.

"Why 'e couldn't *do* it!" he exclaims, and replaces his pipe—"Not now."

"Is there any ascertainable reason," I inquire, "for this disgraceful decadence?"

"'*Ow* much?" he queries.

I remodel my inquiry.

"Booze," he responds, and shakes his head sadly. "It's a terrible curse, that is."

"The cause," I begin, "of half the ——"

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"Ruins yer 'ittin'," he states. "Yes, that's wot's wrong with Blogg, booze. Are you a friend of 'is?"

I ask with some pique whether I look like the friend of a man who cannot punch his own grandmother.

"P'raps you're an 'Ackney man?" he ventures.

I cannot lay claim to this. He surveys me with contemptuous pity.

"Fancy," he observes, "you're bein' so stuck on Puncher Blogg."

I am overwhelmed with shame.

"I never knew about his grandmother," I plead.

My neighbour seems to be pursuing the course of his own thoughts. He has shifted slowly round on his seat, and is confronting me importantly.

"Nar shall I tell *you*," he proposes, tapping me on the chest with the stem of his pipe, "'oo's the best man, bar none, 'ere ternight?—Nat Roberts."

He pauses impressively.

"Nat Roberts," he repeats proudly. "My brother-in-lore. Married my sister Annie on the seventeenth of August, eighteen 'undered an' ninety seven."

I tender awestruck congratulations.

"There's 'is name," he informs me with elation, "on the programme. 'E'll knock Puncher Blogg out in the first round. Clean out. You mark my words."

I now realise the full extent of the *faux pas* I have committed.

"Did yer see 'im knock out the Claret Tapper, at Bermondsey last year?" queries my neighbour.

I am forced to return a shame-faced negative.

"Didn't see *thet*?" he exclaims incredulously —"Well, look 'ere — Nat feinted with 'is left—jest put yer 'ead there, that's it——" and he embarks upon a highly dramatic representation of this famous victory, in which he himself enacts, with much spirit, the part of his brother-in-law, while I am impressed, to the detriment of my collar, into the undesirable *rôle* of the unfortunate Claret Tapper. So unpleasantly realistic is his portrayal of Mr. Nat Roberts's knock-out blow, that I am led, on the impulse of the moment, to invest the Claret Tapper with recuperative powers, plainly unexpected by the conqueror.

"'Ere, 'ere!" he exclaims, clapping his hand to his nose, "stea-dy! You're meant ter be insensible afte' that there blow!"

In the course of my apologies I awake to the fact that the arena is no longer empty. A group of uninteresting-looking men in mufti has gathered at the foot of the platform; two muscular men, in white sweaters and trousers, are hoisting chairs under the ropes into the ring, while two wiry little figures, the one in black and the other in light blue, have just divested themselves of their overcoats and are climbing with easy agility on to opposite corners of the platform, where they seat themselves simultaneously in their respective chairs, and, grasping the ropes with extended arms, gaze at vacancy with an air of intense boredom.

"Jem Spinks an' 'Arry 'Erbert," observes my neighbour, with an erudite air. "Spinks in the Cambridge. Spinks the winner."

Meanwhile, the men in sweaters have planted themselves—one in front of either chair, and are fanning their men vigorously with towels. After a time a stout man, in a top hat, climbs up into the ring and addresses to the empty benches an announcement of a six-round contest between Harry Herbert, of Clerkenwell, and Jem Spinks, of King's Cross, indicating either combatant in turn with a folded paper, which done, he climbs down again; time is called; the seconds, whipping up the chairs, leave the ring backwards; Messrs. Herbert and Spinks approach each other with short brisk steps, shake hands perfunctorily, and the fight proceeds.

In due course the six rounds are completed, and the man in the top hat climbing into the ring indicates Herbert as the winner, at which sounds of half-hearted applause drift out into space from isolated spots in the auditorium.

"Win on points," observes my neighbour sagely. "I thort so. Nar fer old Nat. Got a bit o' shag on yer?"

Suddenly he drops my pouch and starts to his feet.

"Hooray!" he roars. "Good ole Nat! That's 'im—see—in the light overcoat!—Good on yer, Nat!"

Two new boxers have just entered the arena, one behind the other, and are making their way towards the ring. Of my neighbour's brother-in-law I need only say that Puncher Blogg, a bullet-headed individual of felonious aspect, looks an angel compared with him.

"Nar, shall I tell you oo's the best man, bar none?—Nat Roberts."

"Bravo Nat!" roars my neighbour, wildly waving his programme, then, dropping into his seat, turns enthusiastically to me. "You take my advice ole man, an' put yer shirt on Nat!"

Which, I may observe, is about the last act of charity I can imagine myself performing under any circumstances whatsoever. My neighbour, without troubling to pick up my pouch, looks affably round about him.

"Any of you gentlemen 'appen to be an 'Ackney man?" he queries.

Apparently that district is unrepresented. My neighbour repeats his inquiry, whereupon a spotty young man in a check suit, who has seemed to be enjoying a huge joke all by himself, leans forward and suggests that he ask "the young lady over there."

"'E.e, miss!" calls my neighbour to the programme-girl, who, with the embittered attendant, is leaning in a bored attitude against the rail below us. "D'you come from 'Ackney?"

The girl slowly turns her head.

"Indeed I don't," she answers coldly.

"*She* don't," puts in the spotty young man, chuckling heartily, "but a perticler friend of 'ers does."

"Sauce," observes the girl and turns her head away again.

"Well then," continues my neighbour reasonably, "'ave a tanner on the Puncher agenst my brother-in-lore."

"Talk sense," remarks the girl without moving.

"Come on," urges my neighbour. "Be a sportsman."

"I think I see myself," says the girl, turning her head slightly. "Soft, I call it."

"Wot's soft?" demands my neighbour, suddenly changing his tone.

"Boxing," answers the girl. "Couple o' soft fools knocking each other about. Where's the sense in it?"

"There's plenty o' sense in it," says my neighbour shortly.

"Such fellers they are, too," adds the girl. "Common lot, I call them."

"Ho, do yer!" exclaims my outraged neighbour. "I s'pose yer think a lot o' *your*self! Any'ow, yer don't seem to 'ave a tanner fer a honest bet on the Puncher."

The girl turns away contemptuously.

"I've got the courage of *my* opinions!" cries my neighbour aggressively. "An' wot's more, I've got the money ter back 'em up. I'm ready ter put five bob on my brother-in-lore, Nat Roberts, with you or anyone else. An' there's the money, if yer wanter see it!"

"Done with yer," suddenly breaks in a voice on our left. My neighbour turns in surprise. The new speaker is a self-assertive looking man in a deer-stalker hat.

"Done with yer," he repeats, and jerks his head towards the ring, where the two combatants, stripped, are submitting to the preliminary ministrations of their seconds. "I'll 'ave five bob on the Puncher."

There is a pause.

"Are you an 'Ackney man?" queries my neighbour.

"Never you mind what I am," says the other. "I'll 'ave five bob on the Puncher."

"'E don't stand a chanst agenst Nat," says my neighbour suspiciously. "Nat told me so 'isself. Shall we say 'arf a crown?"

"Five bob you bet," says the other, "an' I've taken it on"

"That's fair enough," puts in the spotty young man. "Yer don't wanter back out of it, do yer?"

"I ain't backin' outer nothin'," exclaims my neighbour in injured tones. "All I said was—Shall we make it 'arf a crown?"

"Five bob," repeats his adversary.

"Five bob it is," returns my neighbour boldly. "It's fair robbin' of yer, I warn yer. Nat'll knock 'im out in the first round. You mark my words."

Here attention is again directed to the ring by the stout man climbing up and making his announcement. Once more time is called, the seconds whip up the chairs and leave the ring, the combatants approach each other briskly and perform the same travesty of a handshake, which is immediately followed by Nat Roberts leading off violently in the direction of his opponent's left eye.

"Bravo Nat!" roars my neighbour in a transport. "Bra——"

What follows is so quick that the eye can hardly take it in; there is a rapid succession of smart sounds produced by glove met on glove; then suddenly the Puncher's head drops on his left shoulder and his right shoots forward like lightning; his opponent staggers, totters slowly, and falls on his back on the floor of the ring, where he lies motionless with outstretched arms. There is a dead silence, broken only by a voice on my left, which is heard to observe, "Beautiful."

The timekeeper is counting the seconds. The prostrate man, three parts insensible, writhes his limbs from time to time in convulsive efforts to rise. The seconds are counted, and he is ruled out.

"Knocked out!" cries the voice again gleefully—and I recognise it now as that of the self-assertive man—"knocked out, by the Lord Harry!"

Immediately the defeated man's second is in the ring, who, clasping him under the arms, drags him over to his corner, and deposits him in his chair, where he collapses inertly, with lolling head and sprawling limbs. His opponent has retired to the other chair, where he seats himself, with his gloved hands resting on his knees, looking, to tell the truth, supremely bored by the whole business.

Suddenly I am conscious of a commotion beside me. My neighbour, whom for the moment I had forgotten, has risen to his feet.

"Stop the fight!' he roars (a suggestion which I cannot help regarding as rather superfluous. "Stop the fight! it was a foul!"

"Sit dahn!" growls the man on his left, pulling him down into his seat. "Wot's the matter with yer?"

The stout man has entered the ring, and announced Puncher Blogg as the winner. The latter rises at once, steps quickly over to where his opponent still sprawls a paralysed mass in his chair, stoops, gropes for his hand, shakes it perfunctorily between his gloves, lets it fall, leaps from the ring, sheds his

"'Ere, what abaht my five bob?"

gloves, and, donning his overcoat, walks briskly out of the arena, with an air of having finished business for the day. My neighbour has again risen.

"It was a foul!" he cries again. "I shall write ter the *Sp'r in' Life* about this!"

"Wot yer talkin' about?" calls the spotty young man, with a grin. "That was a fair knock-out if ever there was one!"

My neighbour puts on his hat.

"The knock-out blow didn't oughter be allowed!" he cries. "Nat could 'ave beat 'im easy in a fair fight. Disgustin' exhibition o' brootality I corl it. I ain't agoin' ter watch no more of it!" and he begins to climb the seats towards the gangway.

"*'Ere!*" suddenly calls a loud voice. "'Ere! Wait er minute!"

The self-assertive man has risen, and is stumbling up the seats after the other.

"'Ere," he repeats aggressively; "wot abaht my five bob?"

My late neighbour turns, with his feet at different altitudes.

"Five bob!" he exclaims. "Wot yer talkin' about? It wasn't a fair fight."

Then the spotty young man interposes from his seat.

"Fair fight!" he calls. "Referee gave Blogg the fight, didn't 'e?"

"Then I don't agree with the referee," returns my neighbour with dignity, and mounts another step.

"Are you goin' ter give me my five bob?" demands his adversary formidably, grasping the other's coat. "I've got witnesses 'ere to it."

"Five bob!' exclaims my indignant neighbour. "I've got a wife an' child ter keep!"

"So've I," retorts the other angrily. "Sev'ral of 'em. Are you goin' to 'and it over?"

"I ain't a goin'," cries my neighbour, "ter watch no more o' this sickenin' brootality. Lea' goer my coat."

"Where's my five bob?" demands his adversary.

"Are you goin' ter lea'goer my coat?" repeats my neighbour menacingly.

"No," retorts the other, "I ain't. Not until you ——" Thud!

In an instant the self-assertive man with a distressing swelling under one eye has hurled himself upon his opponent, and a highly spirited combat of the most unscientific nature ensues, in which my late neighbour from the elevation of his position has distinctly the advantage. Before half a dozen blows have been interchanged the self-assertive man leaves the perpendicular, and is precipated backwards over the seats, his fall being involuntarily broken by the attendant, who is hurrying upwards to the scene.

"Nar then! Nar then!" cries the outraged attendant, struggling with difficulty to his feet. "Wot's the game? Not so much of it!"

The other has also risen and is stumbling madly up the seats towards the exit. From behind the wooden barrier at the back the sound of heavy footsteps can be heard retreating towards the stairs. The spotty young man and two or three more scramble up the seats after the other and disappear hastily round the barrier.

"Not so much of it!" cries the ruffled attendant, glaring after them. "Comin' fightin' in 'ere. Wot next!" and subsides into indignant mutterings.

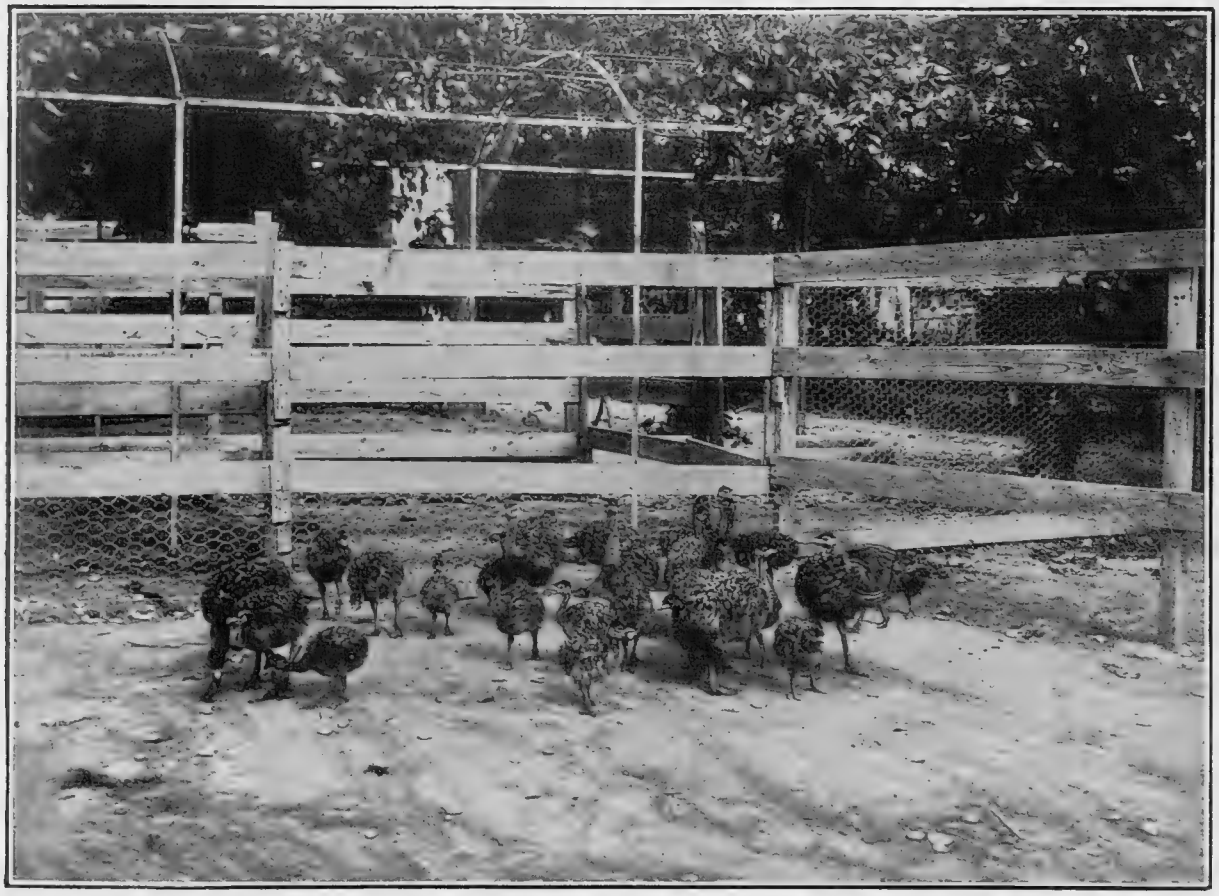
Those of us who are left resume our seats and turn a somewhat *blasé* attention to the ring, where a fresh pair of pugilists are engaged in impassively hammering each other under the light of the cold, blue globes.

OSTRICH RAISING ON THE CONTINENT

An Ostrich in a Bad Temper
When ruffled, he is to be approached with caution

Winter visitors to Nice have had pleasant opportunity, during the last two years, of visiting the only ostrich farm on the Continent. Although the climate of France and other European countries has rarely proved satisfactory for the up-bringing of ostrich young, the experimental farm at Nice, which is but a small distance from the town, near Var, on the road from Antibes to Cannes, contains nearly eighty ostriches, of which the majority have been imported from the Cape. The mercantile value of each bird, is about £50. Each during the year yields feathers to the value of £6 to £10, and ordinarily the longevity of each bird is equal to that of men.

The Ostrich's Curious Mincing Walk



Ostrich Chicks One to Two Weeks Old. They Grow very Rapidly, Reaching a Height of about Five Feet in Four Months. For the first few days after Hatching they have to be Carefully Watched and Tended, but after Reaching the Age of Four Weeks they may be Left to Themselves

Ostriches Sitting on their Eggs. The Male and Female Birds Take Turns Sitting on Them, and it Takes about Forty-two Days for the Eggs to Hatch

Plucking an Ostrich. This is a Time of Some Excitement, as the Birds are apt to be Somewhat Troublesome, until their Heads are Covered with a Hood, as Shown in the Photograph. The Plucking Operation, when done by Skilful Men, is said to be Painless

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE" AT TERRY'S THEATRE

Johnson—played excellently by Mr. J. A. Bentham—who has asked his Captain if the young woman" may do the Cooking, is told he may bring Women in his Quarters, when he (Captain O'Brien) does so, and—

Photos by *The Hana Studio*

Captain O'Brien (Mr. Frank Cooper) receives unexpected Visitors in Barracks who Accept his Invitation to Tea and Johnson Explains that the Tea is already made—in the Kettle

The Earl of Kinooth (on the left) is played by Mr. Brandon Thomas. Charlie Ponsonby (an inane wealthy stage character), played by Mr. A. Vane Tempest, is sitting on a box

Photo by *W. and D. Downey*

Miss Janet Alexander

Who plays the part of Lady Eileen in *Love in a Cottage* at Terry's Theatre

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Evelyn Beaumont

Who plays the part of Lady Patricia in *Love in a Cottage* at Terry's Theatre

Johnson Bargains for Fresh Eggs for his Master's Breakfast

Lady Eileen—one of Lord Kincoth's pretty daughters—is piqued because the man she loves calls her "Lady" Eileen

Photos by] Mr. Thompson, O'Brien's Subaltern (a small part excellently played by Mr. Sydney Blow), Makes Himself as Comfortable as Circumstances Permit [*The Hana Studio*

At the Earl's Castle in Ireland.

Lady Eileen hears that Captain O'Brien's regiment is under sudden orders for foreign service, and leaves to-morrow

Photos by

A Trying Position

Charlie Ponsonby has conjuring ambitions, and is tied in a chair by Lady Patricia (Miss Evelyn Beaumont), hidden behind a screen, and told to try and free himself. In this position he remains throughout an entire act, and is thus enabled to overhear a conversation not intended for his ears

The Hana Studio

At the End of the Play

Captain O'Brien, assisted eventually by Lady Eileen's somewhat interfering elder sister, discovers that even love in a cottage hath charms

OUR SHORT STORY

THE HYDRO R.A.

By C. RANGER-GULL

Courteen's manner was full of a vivacious gloom as he moved busily in front of the canvas clamped to a big, upright easel. A spring rain was falling heavily on the roof-light of the studio with a sound that suggested distant drums, and the light, which filtered into the bare, untidy place, was as wan and lifeless as the pewter-coloured sky above.

The picture on the easel provided the only warm and comforting note of colour in the studio. It was the portrait of a slight, rather foreign-looking girl, and was the most vital thing there. Reggie Courteen touched the picture with a long brush full of *rose-dorée*, sighed, and turned round to look at the girl who had lately posed upon the daïs. She was sitting by the stove, slim, graceful, and preoccupied.

Reggie put down his palette and came towards her as she looked up at him with a bright, appreciative smile, a smile with humour in it. Her *fiancé* always pleased and amused this capable girl, and Kitty Dawlish, at twenty-two, always felt ten years older than Reggie at twenty-six.

"Cheer up, old boy," she said. "Your picture's hung, at any rate, and, after all, the Academy's——"

"The place where the bad pictures go when they die," he answered miserably. "It's all very well, Kitty, but it means very little. Everyone gets accepted. I hate the thing now I've done it, too. Sydney Carr came in just before it went off, and he knows exactly what sells. He just sniffed, and said, 'Give a picture a bad name, and hang it.'"

"Never mind Mr. Carr; he doesn't understand your work. He's always painting anecdotes himself.'

"Yes, and, in consequence, he's one of the best-read men in London! Money is what we want, you and I. He earns lots."

"Exactly!" said Miss Dawlish, with an air of great conviction. "Money is what we do want, and what we must *get*. It's awfully picturesque to be a poor but brilliant painter, engaged to an 'officer's daughter' who lives as companion to a troublesome old maid, but we don't want to live the opening chapter of a *Family Herald* tale all our lives."

"Some men would try to drown their sorrows in drink," said Courteen.

"Oh, sorrows very soon learn how to swim! But what did Lady Courteen say exactly? Let's discuss the situation."

"I've got a hundred pounds, Kitty. If we had another two, we could take a flat, furnish it, pay the rent for a year, and get married. We could rub along, somehow, then, on what I make, one way and another——"

"If you gave me all the money to manage with."

"Of course, darling. Well, when I got this picture in, I wrote to my aunt, and told her. I thought she'd be pleased about the Academy, and perhaps do something for us. Unfortunately, I piled it on rather thick. I told her I was very run down and ill. The result is, that about a week afterwards I get this letter:—

Portland Place, W.

My dear Reginald,

I am pleased to hear of your Academy success with your picture, but distressed to know of your ill-health, which may injure your prospects. I have, accordingly, written to Dr. Beaton, the head of the famous hydropathic establishment at Altoncrag in Derbyshire, and told him, that you will visit him shortly, upon my recommendation. I have mentioned you as "my nephew, the well-known painter." I will pay all your expenses there for six weeks if you will send me Dr. Beaton's account a day or two before you leave. The place is in the midst of beautiful scenery, and the treatment wonderfully recuperative. I myself have frequently stayed there. I enclose a cheque for five pounds to pay for your journey, and hope to hear of your progress week by week. On no account neglect the wet pack, followed by the needle bath, at least twice a week.

Your affectionate aunt,
HELENA COURTEEN.

Reggie rolled a cigarette. "Tiresome, managing old thing!" he said. "Of course I shan't go. Why couldn't she send me the money? It's an awfully expensive place. Costs about twelve guineas a week, I believe! It's where all the rich Lancashire manufacturing people go. Seventy guineas! What couldn't we do with that, Kitty!"

The girl listened thoughtfully, tapping the arm of her chair with a little white hand like a furled magnolia bud. Then the thought faded out of her eyes and she became alert.

"Not go!" she cried with a silvery *sonnerie* in her voice, which rang through the empty studio. "Not go! My dear boy, *of course* you're going! You musn't offend auntie on any account. Don't you realise that? She will do something really useful next time."

She rose from her seat. A gleam of watery sunshine fell upon her, touching her hair with a little colour, irradiating the rosy conch of her ear. The artist sighed at the prospect of the future, but rejoiced in the present vision and was won.

They settled down, intimately, to discuss details.

"Auntie," said Miss Dawlish, "shall be the architect of our fortunes; the hydra of poverty shall be overcome by the hydro of Beaton! Oh, Reggie, think of our own perfect flat, with plain brown paper and a dado in the dining-room, and black-and-white

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sketches in *passe-partout* frames! No longer shall I read 'The Daisy Chain' to Miss Earwaker after lunch, or turn Chopin into soup while she sleeps after dinner. You shall paint portraits of shipowners' wives, and end as President of the R.A."

"I should prefer to die a natural death, dearest," Reggie said. "But have it your own way. Do you mean I'm really to go?"

"Of course, stupid. And you must take several pictures with you, and a frame to show them in. 'Thirty-forties' would be best. That's the popular dining-room size. I've noticed. If you play your cards well, you might sell several to the people in the hydro. You might even get the two hundred pounds. Oh, Reggie!"

Such enthusiasm was contagious; it seemed a pity to spoil it.

"Poor little Kitty!" Reggie answered, with a sigh. "You don't understand about selling stuff at all. Your rich Lancashire millowner only buys names, not pictures. I can paint; but no one knows my name. I'm not a good investment."

She realised the truth of his words, but would not admit it to him. To beg the question was always the best way to settle it with Reggie. He required her whip and spur, was indolent, always, in decision.

"Nonsense," she said to him, "I know that type of person better than you. You don't meet them in Bohemia—which always seems to me, from what I've seen of it, to mean not enough to eat and too much to drink. They're far more artistic and discriminating than you know. Now promise me you'll take some work down. You are sure to sell something."

"Well, I'll promise if you insist, but——"

"I'm certain you will—heavens! it's half-past three, and Miss Earwaker will be awake by four. I must fly. Go down on Monday, and write to me every day."

In two minutes more she was gone.

The studio seemed horribly grey and empty. Reggie went round the walls selecting one or two canvases to take into Derbyshire.

It seemed a somewhat futile, wholly funereal business when Kitty was not there.

. . . . .

The next station would be Altoncrag, and the traveller began to gather his luggage together. It was a grey afternoon, the moor scenery was depressing, and there was but little pleasure in the prospect of this pensioner's visit to the imminent place of cure. Reggie had telegraphed from Euston, and asked that a trap might be sent for him, as the establishment was, he understood, six miles away from the railway.

As the train drew up in a little shed station, Reggie saw with dismay that, apparently, no conveyance waited for him in the road outside. There was only a smart brougham with two horses, obviously the carriage of some local magnate. The platform was almost deserted. He saw the station-master and someone in a silk hat and frock coat go up to a bearded man, who had also left the train, and ask him some question. The answer appeared to surprise them, for with some hesitation, the silk-hatted person came up to Courteen. He was a stout, clean-shaved old thing, with dewlaps like a mastiff and wearing an air of immense prosperity and good humour.

The stranger looked at him inquiringly. Then he spoke in a bland voice—"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Reginald Courteen?"

Reggie announced himself.

"I," said the person with the pachydermatous folds in his face, "am Dr. Beaton. *So* pleased to welcome you, Mr. Courteen. All our guests are delighted to know you are coming. We have been awaiting you with great eagerness! The groom will see to your luggage; I see you have some pictures with you—it will be an honour—but come to the carriage."

He led the bewildered young man to the brougham with a courtliness that astonished him. It was really very civil, he reflected. Such attention from the proprietor himself was quite unexpected.

"Very good of you Doctor, to come yourself to meet me," he said.

"My dear Mr. Courteen, could I do less? We have all been delighting in your work of late. The strain of such labours must, indeed, be immense, but we shall put you right in a very few weeks, I trust. Our system of diet and baths will do wonders, and our few regulations are very easily kept. One of our rules, by the way, is that alcoholic stimulant is entirely dispensed with, and that tobacco is forbidden. Of course, I would not say, dear Mr. Courteen, that a glass of good claret at dinner, and a single whiskey in your room at bedtime, when one cigar, if you required it, would do no harm; but we shall see, we shall see."

Reggie's face had clouded a little at the beginning of the purring flow of words, but his heart began to warm to Dr. Beaton now. As evening opened her great grey fan, and the carriage drove up to a large building studded with lights, the fat voice concluded:

"So we shall do all we can to make you comfortable in every way. Dinner is at seven. We shall meet again then. The head attendant will wait upon you in your room."

The doctor walked softly over the rugs in the hall, and vanished behind some plum-coloured curtains; Reggie was taken to his room by a footman.

It was, indeed, a comfortable room, and a most vivid contrast to the little studio bedchamber near Fitzroy Square.

A Turkey carpet, brilliant as a stained glass window, covered the floor; a wood fire glowed on the hearth, the chairs were a saddleback suite, there was electric light on the dressing-table. There was a knock at the door, and a grave man, in black, entered.

"I am Woopledorff, sir," he said; "the head attendant and masseur." The man's manner was markedly obsequious, though Courteen noticed that he had given a slight start on entering the room. Mr. Woopledorff opened a portmanteau, and began to lay out a dress suit. "Is there anything I could get you, sir?" he asked.

"Well," Reggie replied, "I don't know if it is usual here, but, after the journey, I think a whiskey and soda might——"

The man vanished. Shortly he returned with a tray. An unexpected smile glowed upon the attendant's face as Courteen mixed a modest peg.

"Excuse me making so free, sir," he said, 'but I was rather nervous when the Doctor first selected me

to attend on you. We don't often have such a well-known gentleman staying with us. Somehow, I expected an older gentleman. But I believe I shall give you every satisfaction now, sir." He bowed, and noiselessly left the room.

A distant gong sounded, and, somewhat surprised, but pleased with himself and all the world, Reggie went down into the hall.

Dr. Beaton was waiting, and led his visitor into the dining-room, which was already full of people, seated at a long table in the French style. The hum of talk ceased abruptly, as if turned off by a tap, when the two men entered.

Courteen was led to the top of the table, and seated at the Doctor's right hand.

"Mrs. Harrop, Mr. Harrop, the Misses Harrop," said Dr. Beaton, "it gives me great pleasure to make one of our honoured artists known to one of our northern kings of commerce."

"Mr. Harrop, a hard-featured gentleman, extended a large hand. "My wife and me are proud to meet you, Mr. Courteen," he said. "It's something to be remembered!"

"The alkali millionaire from St. Helens," whispered Dr. Beaton to the artist. In a few minutes Reggie was engaged in animated talk with the Harrop family. The broad Lancashire accent was fresh, and not repellent, the girls were strapping lassies, who knew no pose, and a bottle of Georges Goulet, which—despite the "regulations"—made its appearance early in the meal, promoted friendship.

After dinner there were many more introductions in the drawing-room. The doctor led up people and introduced them. All were of the same type: somewhat uncultured, obviously wealthy, and certainly anxious to please; and there was a manifest and continued deference in the manner of all these folk which both embarrassed and flattered a youth who was tasting of it for the first time.

The girls sang to him. They brought little albums, bound in purple velvet in which he must write his name. The elder ladies invited his conversation, and congratulated him on his youth. The doctor buzzed through the rooms like an overfed and happy bee, and, before the bed-gong dinned out its invitation to sleep, Courteen had become his "young and distinguished friend."

That celebrity fell asleep in gratitude and wonder, and his last thoughts were of Kitty, and her marvellous prescience.

The young lady's wisdom was confirmed on one auspicious afternoon, five days after Courteen's arrival at Altoncrag. Mr. Harrop thrust his arm through Reggie's, as they walked down the corridor from the painter's bedroom to that part of the establishment devoted to the mysteries of the "wet pack."

Courteen was pink with health. He had tasted of fame, local, it is true; but the size of a community is lost sight of when one has become the acknowledged king and skipper of it.

"Yes," said Mr. Harrop, as they turned into the bath rooms; "I've done a good stroke of work. I've taken the six finest pictures I ever see in my life at sixty apiece. The three 'underd and sixty pound you have off me don't represent the value of the work, in my opinion. But it's your own price, and I take it as a kindly instance of your friendship with all of us as you've let 'em go so cheap. I shall present two to the Institute at St. Helens, and the other four will decorate our dining-room at Rainhill."

Notes for three hundred and sixty pounds were locked up in Reggie's kit bag. He had never handled such a sum before. How pleasantly it crackled, and how easy it had been! As the obsequious Woopledorff wrapped him in mummy-rolls of damp linen, the walls of Paradise Flat, with Kitty enshrined there, began to rise round him in a glowing dream. It was all owing to Kitty! How well the little girl had known these northerners, divined their artistic tastes under the rough exterior!

The bath was refreshing. After it, Reggie went downstairs while Mr. Harrop slept. He wandered into the drawing-room, which was empty, and remembered that the patients who were not undergoing one of Doctor Beaton's complicated baths had made up a party to drive.

On one of the tables he saw that the shilling volume of "Academy Pictures" for that year was lying. The familiar orange cover, with its design of palette and brushes, its heads of celebrated artists, sent his thoughts to Burlington House, and all he owed its hospitality this year. He picked up the book. Some time ago, in answer to the editor's customary request, he had sent a photograph of his picture, "At Tiptoe Night," to be included among the other reproductions. The book opened in his hands at the page where his picture was. From the marks upon the margin and the dog-eared corner he knew that his work had been diligently studied. It certainly looked very well, he thought, and it had the whole page to itself, too.

As he looked at the photograph he heard a rustle of skirts behind him and turned. The prettiest of the two Miss Harrops had entered the room.

"Ah!" she said, "refreshing your memory of your lovely work, Mr. Courteen?"

"Oh, I just caught sight of the book, Miss Harrop. I didn't know anyone down here had one."

She laughed. "Well, we weren't going to tell you how we knew all about your latest picture and to confess that none of us had been to the Academy and seen it there! But we all know 'At Tiptoe Night' by heart from this book. How many an artist no older than you would give *anything* to be in here! It is the peerage of art!"

She was a nice girl, even if she did rather exaggerate the importance of an Academy catalogue. Reggie smiled at such naïve enthusiasm.

"When we heard that Mr. Courteen, a painter, was coming," she continued, "we had no idea who you really were. You see, we have never moved in artistic circles before. We bought this official book quite by chance in Buxton, and it was only then that we realised that we were going to meet a real R.A.!"

Reggie stared at her without speaking. At that moment there was a sudden noise in the hall. The driving party had returned, and Miss Harrop hurried away to greet her mother and sister.

Courteen left the room by another door and stumbled upstairs.

When he was alone in his bedroom, the disgusting truth came to him in a blinding flash. These simple

"They brought little albums, bound in purple velvet, in which he must write his name"

folk thought—they had actually thought from the first—that to have a picture reproduced in that shilling catalogue meant that the painter of it was a Royal Academician! He could see it all quite clearly from the very beginning. A thousand hints and remarks which he had but half understood, but taken for tribute nevertheless, were explained now. And the congratulations on his youth!—his face was purple in his mortification and disgust. He took his new riches from the kit-bag, and put them in his pocket. Then he went to find Dr. Beaton.

. . . . . .

The interview was over. Unpleasant as it had been, the Doctor was too much a man of the world not to manage the wretched Courteen with ease. His manner had lost its deference and become a

thought dictatorial as he concluded. "You will therefore be guided entirely by me in this matter, Courteen. We have all made a little mistake, myself included. That book of pictures is a very misleading production indeed. But explanations are tedious and apt to impose a constraint upon such a party as ours at Altoncrag. In fact I could not, professionally, allow anything of the sort. Take my advice, a doctor is, in some sense, a father confessor also. You sold your pictures to Mr. Harrop without any pretence whatever. They were bought for their merit—which I make no doubt is considerable—for their intrinsic merit. The purchase is a finished thing, and no tiresome question of these absurd artistic titles can be allowed to have anything to do with it. It will be announced at dinner to-night that you have been summoned to London by telegram. It will be understood that my good friend, Lady Courteen, is ill. I have already ordered the carriage, and Woopledorff is packing your things. I will come with you to the station myself. You will catch the night mail."

There was no more to be said. Reggie was in no mood to withstand the pachydermatous Beaton.

"A thoroughly sensible and worthy man," said Kitty Dawlish, next day, as she put the bank-notes in her purse. "I shall send him some cake.'

"But do you really think it quite fair, dearest?" Reggie asked, as they came out of a house agent's later in the day, proprietors of a flat *de luxe*. He had the receipt for the first year's rent in his pocket, and, somehow, his scruples were melting away.

"Circumstances alter cases," Kitty said, and then, as an afterthought, "Particularly reduced circumstances!"

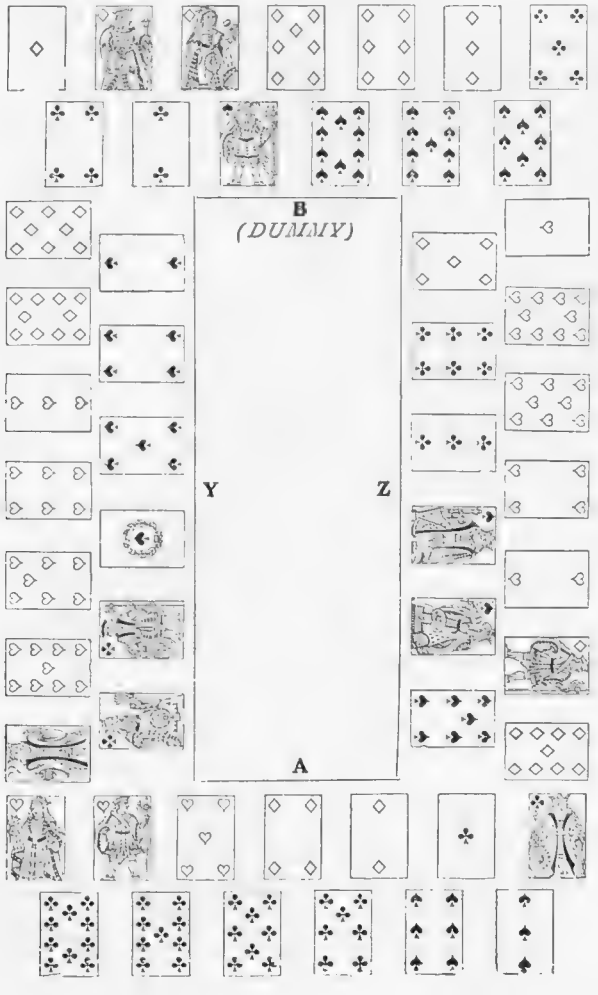
A Misty Morning on Medal Day

"Hullo, Smith, what's the matter? Lost your ball!
"Ball be blowed! I've lost my opponent!"

BRIDGE

I find a curious haziness in the minds of many players as to what constitutes an average hand. It is, of course, a hand which contains, in different suits, Ace, King, Queen, Knave, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2, and its trick-winning capacity is three and a quarter tricks. Many players, too, know that the minimum no-trump declaration is a hand containing a queen above the strength of an average hand. But they seem to be neglectful of the fact that you have not merely to take into consideration the actual cards in a hand, but also their distribution, for on that depends its trick-winning capacity; so that it is possible for each of four players to hold the average hand, and yet two of them must make four or five by tricks in no-trumps.

Here are four average hands, *i.e.*, each contains, in different suits, every card from the ace to the two. Set them out on the table, and observe the difference in trick-winning capacity made by the distribution of the cards:



Here, again, are two hands a Queen stronger than the average:

I.

♥ 9 8 6 3
♦ Q 7 5
♣ A K J 4
♠ Q 10

II.

♥ K 10 6
♦ Q 9 5 4
♣ A Q J 8
♠ 7 3

No. I. is a spade declaration, except in times of utter desperation, when the venturesome might declare clubs on it. No. II. is the minimum no-trump declaration, because it is a queen above the average hand and has *three suits properly guarded.* With average luck you should make a heart, a diamond, and at least two clubs. As dealer, you might be inclined to leave it early in the game; but with 24 against you, you would declare no-trumps on it every time; and wanting the odd to go out, you would be entirely justified in declaring no-trumps. As dummy, however, I doubt your being justified in calling no-trumps on it except with the score 24 against you. There are players who would, as dealer, call no-trumps upon it at any point in the game; but I believe it to be more judicious to leave it to your partner.

The really difficult declaration to the score is when you have to decide, as dealer, whether you will make it a red suit or no-trumps when the score is 24 against you.

On this hand, for example, you are nothing; your opponents are a game and 24:

♥ A K Q 7 6; ♦ 6 5 2; ♣ 9 8; ♠ A K 8.

You can see a pretty safe odd trick in hearts in your own hand; but it is a nice question whether you ought not to declare no-trumps. If your partner holds a couple of tricks, you go out in no-trumps and level down the score. On the other hand, you may find the clubs and diamonds against you, which, had you declared hearts, would not have mattered. The best opinion says declare no-trumps.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. S. W. R.—There is no need to apologise for the length of your letter. It is exceedingly interesting; and you raise nice points. Solution correct.

R. F. C. F.—It will be all right if you follow the coupon.

OUR BRIDGE COMPETITION

A FIRST PRIZE OF £25

And Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 1s. each for Playing Out a Rubber

THE EIGHTH AND LAST HAND

In the present number the eighth and last hand of the rubber is offered for solution. After working it out, competitors are requested to pin the complete score of the rubber, as well as their solution of the hand, to their coupon.

All solutions must reach the office of THE BYSTANDER not later than the first post on Tuesday, March 1.

On March 16 our second Competition will begin; and since some of our competitors have found a difficulty in playing hands exposed before their eyes as if they saw only two of them, we shall make it very much simpler.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and, enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

Name .....

Address .....

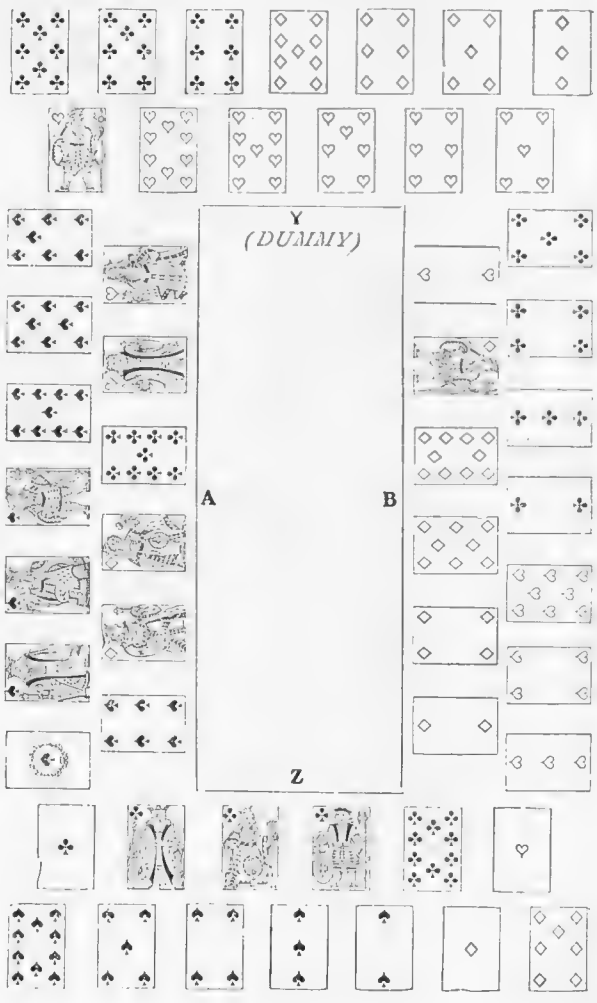
.....

Nom de guerre or initials .....

This competition began in our issue of Wednesday, January 6. Competitors may join this week by obtaining back numbers of "The Bystander."

COUPON VIII.

HAND VIII.



A large number of competitors have written us that they do not like mutilating their copies, which they intended to have bound, by cutting out coupons from the pages. In our next competition, therefore, which will be on a larger scale altogether, an arrangement will be made to obviate the necessity of making excisions in the pages.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

A Brilliant Young Novelist

I suppose that most of us who contrive to live by our pens have either known or been mistaken for "the busiest man in London." In Fleet Street his name is legion. But I do confess that when I contemplate the work which Mr. C. Ranger Gull, who writes THE BYSTANDER short story this week, has managed to produce in the course of the last few years, I am tempted to hail him as the busiest writer of the day, as well as one of the most brilliant. He is still, I fancy, on the sunny side of thirty, but I could mention no less than nine successful books which stand against his name, and these represent only a portion of his work in literature and journalism since leaving Oxford, where distinction in rowing and boxing seem to have been among his achievements. He was a reviewer on the *Academy* in the days of Mr. J. S. Cotton, he has contributed to the *Bookman* and the *Saturday Review*, and did an immense amount of work for the *Echo* under Mr. Passmore Edwards, while he was one of the leading spirits in the gallant effort made some years ago to revive the fortunes of the *London Figaro*, for which he wrote a great many interviews and articles on almost every subject under the sun. *M.A.P.*, the *Free Lance*, and several other papers, used to employ his pen regularly, and he has observed the convention of the new journalist by having served on the editorial staffs of both the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express!*

Mr. C. Ranger-Gull

From Journalism to Authorship

Mr. Ranger-Gull is thus one of the many novelists who have graduated from journalism into literature, and he has confessed to me that the reason of his betaking himself some time ago to a little cottage by the Cornish coast was to escape for a year or two the temptations London offers to engage in journalism. There comes a time to every author who has endeavoured to make a name in fiction when he must decide between journalism and novel-writing; for it is seldom that the two can be practised at once with a full measure of success. Mr. Ranger-Gull would seem to be experiencing this condition at present, and I am hoping that from his Cornish retreat he will send us a book which may enhance his already enviable reputation. This new book will deal with Cornish life, and is to be entitled "Portalone." I am told we may expect it in June. He is emphatically a novelist of whom high things may be expected, as he has a graphic style, a keen appreciation of character, though some of his books have had the fault of most young men's work: a tendency to dogmatic views of life, and a touch of rather irritating smartness. But his best production has been an historical romance, which, it is not too high praise to say, ranks with the finest novels of its class published during the last five years. I refer, of course, to "The Serf," that vivid and powerful story of England in the days of Stephen.

"Merely I. Zangwill"

It appears that Mr. Zangwill has made another dramatic hit in America with his comedy of middle-class life entitled, *Merely Mary Ann*. Curiously enough, his successes as a playwright have all been scored in New York and not in London. This latest piece is, I take it, based upon a book of the same name which he published eleven years ago. It was a bright little sketch; but, as I recall it, an unlikely subject for more than a "curtain raiser." Indeed, from a literary point of view, one might not unjustly couple it with another early pot-boiler from the same nimble pen, "The Big Bow Mystery," published in 1892. "Merely Mary Ann" was the story of a servant girl with a sort of *Family Herald* ending, and I remember that the little book contained some atrocious pictures by Mr. Zangwill's brother, Mark, and a frontispiece of the versatile author, signed, "Merely I. Zangwill."

J. A. H.

Books to Order this week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Three Years in the Klondike." By Jeremiah Lynch. Illustrated. (Arnold: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Diary of Sir John Moore." Edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice. The Diary covers the whole of Moore's military career to within a fortnight of his death, at Corunna, in 1809. Portraits and Maps. (Arnold: 30*s.* net.)

"Eighty Years' Reminiscences." By Colonel J. Anstruther-Thomson. Largely about Hunting. Illustrated. (Longmans: 21*s.* net.)

"The Adventures of Elizabeth in Ruegen" By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

NEW NOVELS

"An Inarticulate Genius." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)

"The Royal Quaker." By Mrs. Tanqueray. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Diamonds." By J. S. Fletcher. (Digby Long: 6*s.*)

NOTE.—Owing to unavoidable pressure on our space, we have been reluctantly compelled to omit our usual review.

Books to Appear Shortly

Millionaires have come to be as indispensable to modern novelists as to organisers of free libraries; we cannot look at sensational fiction without coming across them somewhere. Another sample is expected during the spring in a book by Dorothea Gerard entitled "Made of Money." Usually we hear only of the delights of being rich; here we are shown the darkest side of the picture—the descent of Crœsus to the verge of hopeless cynicism. Of course a woman comes to the rescue, though not, as it happens, the woman he loves. It is not generally known, we believe, that "Dorothea Gerard" is only the maiden name of the wife of Major-General Longard de Longgarde, who commanded the Emperor of Austria's Eleventh Cavalry Brigade. She is a Scotswoman by birth, and was married in 1886.

Another forthcoming "millionaire" story is by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, entitled "The Sea Could Tell." This will be published by Messrs. Methuen next month. The plot is sensational to a degree. A millionaire and his daughter are yachting in the Mediterranean when they come upon another yacht —deserted. Her boats are in place, the deck lights are burning, the table is set for dinner with a gold service. The meal has evidently been interrupted, but in the state rooms clothing and jewellery are found, and, withal, no signs of fighting or violence of any kind. The unravelling of this mystery gives Mrs. Williamson plenty of scope for her splendid imagination.

To-morrow (the 25th) Mr. Arnold hopes to publish an illustrated volume of travel, by Miss Durham, entitled "Through the Land of the Serbs." Miss Durham has been emulating the example set by Miss Gordon-Cumming and other fearless Englishwomen whose love of adventure has taken them to lands into which many men would hesitate to plunge alone. The numerous offers of marriage which Miss Durham received during her three expeditions to the heart of this picturesque and restless region show that she made as favourable an impression on the natives as they appear to have made on her. She rode or walked throughout the length and breadth of the land of the Serbs, and many of the sketches which she made in the course of her wanderings will be published in her volume.

Another promising book due from Mr. Arnold to-morrow is a narrative of "The Binding of the Nile and the New Soudan," by the Hon. Sidney Peel, one of the sons of Viscount Peel. This is a book which Mr. Chamberlain should have with him out in Egypt. In the course of a recent visit the author had ample opportunities of examining the great problems which confront the administration of Egypt, and he has turned these to excellent purpose in his book. Passing to Khartoum, he contrasts the new condition of the Soudan with the old, and proves that our old enemies are making immense strides under British rule.

Mr. John Lane will publish shortly a volume, by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell, entitled "Old Shropshire Life." It is in the nature of fiction founded on fact, and deals with local traditions connected with old houses, churches, holy wells, forests, etc., in the beautiful neighbourhood of Much Wenlock. There are sixteen full-page illustrations of the places with which the traditions are associated.

Mr. John Lane announces two new volumes in the New Pocket Library, "Typee" and "Omoo," by Herman Melville. Each is described in the sub-title as "A Real Romance of the South Seas."

The editing has been placed in singularly appropriate hands, those of Mr. W. Clark Russell, who contributes an introduction to each volume.

There are also notes to both books by Marie Clothilde Balfour. The author was a seaman in the American merchant service, and the expression "a real romance" is explained by Mr. Clark Russell as "an accurate study rendered romantic by the warm imagination through which it passed, and by the light and colour it received from genius." Other volumes will follow.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1904."

"Pianoforte Tone Production." By Tobias Matthay. 7*s.* 6*d.* (Longmans.)

"Marks on Old Pewter and Sheffield Plate. 3*s.* (W. Redman, Bradford.)

"The Cardinal's Pawn." By K. L. Montgomery. 6s. (Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library.)

"Facing the Future." By R. Thynne. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Eighty Years' Reminiscences." By J. Anstruther-Thomson. 21s. (Longmans.) 2 Vols.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

The Show

As it would never do for any writer on automobile topics to admit that he had omitted to visit the agglomeration of motor-cars which, evicted from all the London and Paris depôts, now fills the Crystal Palace to overflowing, one has, of necessity, made a pilgrimage to this modern mechanical Mecca, and for two days, note-book in hand, has one wandered sadly about amidst acres of self-propelled vehicles; and now one tries to set out, in cold print, what appears to be the dominant note of the whole Show.

Dominant Note

Miss Louie Freear, in the ever-cheerful *Chinese Honeymoon*, has for this given me the divine afflatus in her beautiful and sentimental ballad. Of "Twiddly Bits" she gaily sings, and of twiddly bits, indeed, are a great number of the outrageous and even indecent foreign speed machines composed. You see them in the gear-boxes in the shape of balls where no balls should ever be; you see them in the magneto-ignition, in some of the mechanical valves with variable lift, in the commutators, even in the lubricators. *All* twiddly bits. *All* arranged that the price of the car may run into four figures, and that individuals more enthusiastic than wise may fall into paroxysms of gush and hysteria over these ridiculous and unpractical complications. As a general rule the foreign car sold at over four figures is constructed primarily for a speed of, say, forty miles an hour, and it cannot be driven slowly with any satisfaction, and is, therefore, of little value in this country, where it is simply a pest and a nuisance. It only appeals to a very limited section of society indeed, and may be said to be of no public interest at all. Its complications are so extreme that it would require, not only a *chauffeur*, but even an engineer—who had preferably worked for two or three years in the factory where it was made—to attend to its numerous and disagreeable diseases. Let us not, therefore, spoil the fine shiny paper and waste the rich black printer's ink of this journal in discussing it; but let us pass on to the practical, the sensible, and even to the commonplace.

A General View of the Great Motor Exhibition at the Crystal Palace

Home Products Holding their Own

It is pleasant to be able to say that British manufacturers more than hold their own all round. It has often been said that, in dealing with machinery, "the English begin where the French leave off," as witness the matter of submarines. We let them do all the experiments and then stepped in and produced a better submersible boat than theirs. So with the motor-cars. Our makers, by adopting certain principles of French practice, have quietly copied ideas proved to be sound and solid, and, avoiding the kickshaws and fal-lals above alluded to, now present to our notice what are undoubtedly the finest vehicles in the world, that is to say if, as one sometimes seems inclined to doubt, a motor-car is a machine constructed to *go* instead of merely to be enthused about in black and white. It is admitted on all sides that "the future of the movement" is in the hands of the rational motorist, exactly for the same reason that in the political world power resides in the ten-pound householder, simply because there is more of him. The aforesaid rationalist, however, though large in numbers, is not so easily plundered as is the ultra-plutocrat just at the present moment, and so the existing rationalism, at any rate from the makers' point of view, is supposed to consist (in the case of a car to carry four of these modest ones) in an initial cost of less than £350, and running on pneumatic tyres which cost £1 a week to maintain.

Considering that there are some two hundred and forty firms exhibiting various types of motor-cars, which, if set out in a row, would extend to the respectable distance of four miles, it is clear that sufficient justice cannot be done to all of them, unless our Editor courteously accedes to my request that the whole space of The Bystander for the next eight issues shall be given up to Automobile Topics; and while this point is under consideration I will forge ahead.

Daimler

Let us meditate, first of all, over the British productions, observing that these are not referred to in any order of merit, but merely as they happened to come under review. Take, for instance, the Daimler. Common sense is now a very dominant idea in the construction of these cars, and this company, as will many another ere long, has fallen into line with the new Act. They are aware that cars which are designed for high speeds do not travel well slowly, that a slow running engine reduces wear and tear to a minimum, and that flexibility of the engine is now the dominant feature in modern practice. Another strong point is that all the later variations are so constructed as to enable them to be fitted to the older types. A special feature is that the body is hinged, so that the running gear may easily be examined, There is nothing new about the gear case and transmission gear, nor in the system of speed-change control. In the larger models the mechanical valve is introduced, but in the 22 h.p. automatic valves are retained. A point for owners of the present 14 h.p. cars is that the new 16 h.p. engine with mechanical valves can be readily fitted to it. Various types of carriage bodies are shown in connection with this exhibit, the Canopied Tonneau of 22 h.p. having the driving wheels fitted with solid tyres.

Wolseley

This Birmingham firm have a fine display of ten cars, amongst them the long-expected 6 h.p. two-seated Voiturette, at £175, which should command a great sale. Two of the 12-horse models are fitted with solid tyres on the driving wheels, which is, perhaps, here, as in the case of the Daimler wheels so shod, somewhat noteworthy as being a decided step in the direction of acute common sense at last. The yellow car of this type looked particularly smart, as did the 24 h.p. cream and red, with red wheels, with bright crimson upholstery. If the Wolseley Company will but stick to the horizontal engine, and go on building frames that will stand the somewhat increased stress of solid tyres, there is but little doubt that a bright and glorious future awaits them.

Gladiator

Among the better known of the cheaper French cars the Gladiator is noticeable. The new model for 1904 has mechanical valves and automatic carburettor, and has direct drive on top gear. This car is chain driven, and therefore very suitable for amateurs, and is fitted with a very roomy and comfortable tonneau lined with red leather for £360. Wood frame, with steel flitch plates, and engine and gear being mounted on a strong steel frame, give great stability. It is one of the few foreign cars that the moderate man may have a good look at, that is to say, if he wants a foreign car at all. There are other models on view of higher power and price.

Panhards

Rather more expensive is the 7 h.p. Panhard; but for anyone who is not indisposed to pay a little bit extra for perhaps the most business-like and reliable of all the Continental brands, this vehicle presents itself and cannot be overlooked; the *chassis* complete with Krebs' Carburettor, four speeds, a new type of axle, and a long wheelbase, costs £345, to which a body may be built of any type for £50. As is well known, there is endless wear in a Panhard. They have not such elegant lines as have some other vehicles, mainly owing to the somewhat stumpy appearance of the bonnet; but a good Panhard car takes a *lot* of beating.

Homburg Hotels

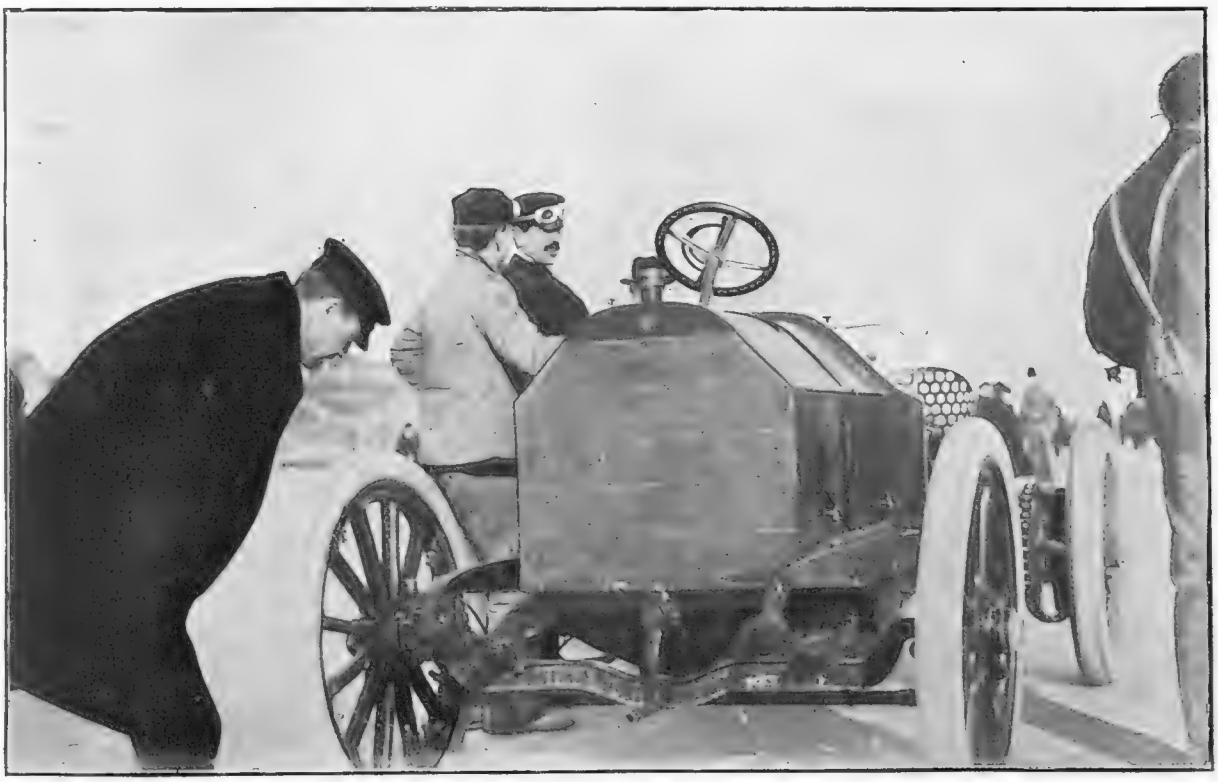
The German hotel keepers, who are providing for the maintenance and refection of that fat sheep the British racing motorist, have come to the conclusion that there is plenty of wool on this animal's back, and intend having some of it. A bedroom has to be taken for eight days, if only wanted for one. Tariff for same, 25 to 50 marks per day. Sitting room 100 marks per day, food 15 marks per day. However, it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and this may suit the man with the £2,000 car very well.

C. G. Matson.

The Beach at Ormond, Florida, the most Perfect Race Track in the World

The Scene After Barney Oldfield's Record Run

Oldfield, the most noted racing motorist in America, who is engaged in this year's Gordon-Bennett Race, lately covered a mile on a Winton in the record time of 36 3-5 secs.—98·36 miles an hour



The Mercedes Car Driven by Mr. Vanderbilt, who Covered a Mile in 37 1-5 Seconds—only a Fraction less than Barney Oldfield's Record Time

THE MOST PERFECT MOTOR RACE TRACK IN THE WORLD—AT ORMOND, FLORIDA

By Field, Stream & Covert.

NOTE.—*Previous numbers of "The Bystander" have contained accounts, fully illustrated, of the following hunts:—No. 1, Lord Zetland's Hunt and the Warwickshire Hunt. No. 2, the Bramham Moor. No. 3, the Hertfordshire. No. 4, the Bicester. No. 5, the Belvoir. No. 6, the Quorn. No. 7, The New Forest Foxhounds and Deerhounds. No. 8, the Puckeridge. No. 9, the Garth. No. 10, the Duke of Beaufort's. No. 11, the Old Berkeley.*

Hunting

The Whaddon Chase Hunt

When, in the earliest years of the nineteenth century, the reigning Squire of Whaddon bethought him of setting up a foxhunting establishment in the Vale of Aylesbury, one may be sure that no precautions were necessary for keeping the numbers of the fields within reasonable limits. Times, however, have changed, and so vigilantly are gratuitous intruders excluded from the fixtures of the Whaddon Chase Hounds that it is difficult to betray any knowledge regarding the pack without misgivings, lest retrospective conscience money be demanded by the authorities. Still, thanks to the munificence of the Rothschild family, it is possible for the rambling sportsman to test the delectability of the Vale, though it be denied him to join the throng that awaits the challenging note at High Havens or Christmas Gorse. The description as "London's Leicestershire" and "a great dairy farm, rich pasture from end to end," is apt enough as regards the country hunted over by the staghounds and Mr. Selby Lowndes's foxhounds, though on Saturdays the latter frequently visit a woodland area, to which the eulogy is scarcely applicable. Tuesday

Photo by *Newman*
With the Whaddon Chase: Splashing through Manton Ford

Photo by *Newman*
On the Way to the Meet
Members of the Whaddon Chase Hunt jogging down Whitchurch Hill

Mr. Gerald Pratt, a keen Follower, and Mr. Selby Lowndes, the Master

Photos by *Newman*

The Whaddon Chase Hunt: The Huntsman and Pack

Mr. W. Selby Lowndes and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild discuss a Smart Run

Photos by *Newman*

With the Whaddon Chase: The Field on the Way to the First Draw

Photo by *Newman*

Jones, the Huntsman, Calling the Hounds after a Kill by the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds at Aston Abbott's

is the great day with the Whaddon Chase, the various fixtures, all within reach of Leighton Buzzard, having, of recent years, attained an almost excessive popularity.

Its History

According to the generally accepted tradition, the Whaddon pack has been continually under the mastership of the Selby Lowndes family for upwards of a hundred years. This, however, is not strictly accurate, for from 1853-59 there was an interregnum, the squire of that period having migrated to the North Warwickshire and Atherstone countries, of which the latter owned his allegiance for four seasons. With this exception the hunt has proceeded on the even tenor of its way, its archives being enriched annually with records of good runs over superb lines of country, while for followers the pack has always had the flower of the foxhunting community, mounted on such horses as the severe nature of the country demands. Compared with other packs of more recent origin and less enviable situation, the Whaddon Chase has been but sparsely mentioned in hunting literature. Unobtrusiveness, indeed, has been its chief characteristic, while though the horn has always been entrusted to capable huntsmen, the hunt is familiarly associated with but few of the paladins of the profession. Up to a few years ago the hounds were hunted by E. Bentley, a veteran whose career was as successful as it was honourable, while Sturman, who succeeded him for a few seasons, is showing capital sport with the Heythrop. The present huntsman, George Jones, was promoted from whipping-in three years ago, and shows distinct promise of making his mark.

The Country

Of the Vale of Aylesbury as a hunting country it may be said, without invidious comparison between the two branches of sport, that, though doubtless the scene of the most perfect form of carted deer hunting, it is still better as a medium for hard riding to foxhounds. Its principal feature is, of course, the prevalent double fence, consisting of two hedgerows and at least as many ditches, and such obstacles are frequently high enough to render gates more preferable to deer as a mode of egress. Deer, again, are apt to take to water, with which the Vale abounds, so that it is far more difficult to shake off the crowd with the staghounds than with foxhounds. On the other hand, though in ordinary winters the going is of the soundest, the ground becomes sadly sodden after heavy rains; and as in this respect the present season has been unique, keeping on good terms with Mr. Selby Lowndes's flying pack has been more difficult than ever. In point of the number of days in the week when hounds are within easy reach, the Vale's chief centres are perhaps hardly so well catered for as could be wished. Still, the Grafton are accessible fairly often, while the Oakley and Bicester are within a convenient distance once a week, though, unfortunately, in each case on Lord Rothschild's regular days, which nobody likes to miss.

L. J. B.

Angling

British Columbia for the Sportsman

Thanks to the kindness of an old angling friend, Mr. T. A. Mitchell, who was out there last fall, I am able to give an attractive photograph of sport in British Columbia. Although the salmon weighed 40lb., it is evidently a young fish, the small head and depth of body indicating a vigour and spirit which must have severely taxed the angler's trout-rod and his skill as well. Our towns and harbours on the Pacific coast of North America afford good sport to British officers who are making preparations for war on the salmon and trout; in no other navy is there such a large proportion of sportsmen as in ours, and probably in no part of the world can they so easily get good sport with rod and gun as when stationed at Esquimalt, the headquarters of our Pacific fleet. That a British admiral let the Yankees get the best of some disputed territory in that part of the world because the salmon would not take a fly is probably a fish tale, but it gives point to the fact that the grand Quinnat salmon, which is found in all the rivers from California to Alaska, will not take the fly when in fresh water. This is a blot on his escutcheon, of course, but he makes up for it by the avidity with which he takes a spoon in salt and tidal water. It is not true that these fish are never taken on the fly. Mr. Rudyard Kipling told me he had killed a few with that lure, and so have others, but in *salt* water; that fine old American sportsman, Charles Hallock, says that at certain favourable times, in special localities on exceptional rivers, like the Clackamas, in Oregon, salmon may take the fly, but this is about as far as he will commit himself, and shows the caution of the trained hunter.

How the Pacific Salmon are Caught

Fish like the fine fellow in the picture are nearly all taken on large spoons trailed behind a boat, much in the same manner as in Scotch lochs. My friend, Colonel W. H. Cunliffe, sent me a very interesting account of some great sport which he and his wife had off the mouth of the Campbell River, in Vancouver Island, last August. They went by steamer from Vancouver to Comox, a small settlement on the east side of the island. Their fishing ground was some twenty miles up the coast, and they were wondering how to get their camp equipment and themselves there, when the commander of a torpedo boat, who was under orders to go to the Campbell River, very kindly offered to take them, and next day saw them camped out and ready for salmon fishing. This is done from a boat at certain times of the tide, the bait being a four or five-inch spoon on a trace, weighted with a half-pound sinker, and fished thirty or forty yards behind the boat, which is kept going at a steady pace. The object of the heavy sinker is to keep the spoon spinning deep, otherwise the angler will only get small fish—mere ten or twenty pounders; the big fellows, which *average forty pounds* and have been killed on rod and line up to seventy, take the bait at a good depth and give splendid sport, making a terrific rush when struck, and fighting gamely to the last.

Some Splendid "Bags"

The first "big 'un" Colonel Cunliffe hooked was a fifty-six pounder, which took him two miles down the coast before he gave in, after a fight of over forty minutes. He got another of 44lb., and then turned the rod over to Mrs. Cunliffe, who got three—37lb., 40lb., and 43lb.—not bad work for a lady. In a week's fishing they caught nearly 500lb. weight, which is considered not a bad "bag" for a whole season on some Norwegian rivers. There were about twelve other parties fishing, and on a good evening reels would be heard screeching in every direction. One angler, Dr. D——, who had been there a month, had taken ninety-four salmon, weighing 3,760lb., an average of just 40lb. a fish. These salmon are most excellent eating, being in the pink of condition, the fishing is all free, and it is pretty certain that, before long, there will be an anglers' hotel at the mouth of Campbell River. The Colonel and his wife had a delightful trip, he combining good sport with elk with his fishing. The chief expense is for wages for the guide, who also act as camp attendant; he gets his keep and about 14s a day, for in this young and flourishing country the ordinary labourer gets two dollars a day and his feed. There is a great future for this part of the Empire and our countrymen out there are too far-seeing to allow their grand salmon and trout fishings to be ruined, as so many have been in other parts of the world.

To Distinguish Roach and Rudd, Chub and Dace

It is surprising how often anglers confound roach with rudd, and small chub with dace, because, although there is so much general resemblance there are distinctions which every angler ought to know. If the roach and the rudd are compared, it will be seen that, on the roach's back the dorsal fin is situated almost directly over the belly, or ventral fins; in the rudd, it is *always* near by the tail. In the chub, the anal fin is convex in shape; in the dace, it is concave; in the chub, it is rounded outwards; in the dace, inwards. There are, of course, other differences, but these are the easiest to remember.

The Wide-awake Fish

It is essential to remember that to fish from a high bank, even if you let your float go twenty yards down stream, is generally fatal to sport, especially in chub fishing; if there are high trees or a high bank directly behind you, it does not so much matter. When I see a fly-fisher or any other angler fishing with the sky for a background—*i.e.*, from the fish's point of view—I think of Lord Dufferin's story; he was Viceroy of India at the time: "Well, what sport has Lord —— had?" inquired the Viceroy of his native shikarri, who had been attending on a young English lord on a shooting expedition. "Oh!" replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young Sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds." An angler may fish divinely, and yet go home with an empty creel, if he think because he cannot see the fish they cannot see him.

R. B. M.

Photo by *Fleming Bros.*

A Forty-Pound Salmon Caught on a Trout Rod in Victoria Harbour, British Columbia

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Congestion at St. Andrews during the Summer Season

For some time past the subject of the congested state of the links at St. Andrews during the summer has been engaging the attention of the committees of the Town Council and of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. So far as I can gather, the only remedy proposed is that of levying a charge on all persons using the old course, except members of the Royal and Ancient Club and persons whose names appear in the voters' roll for St. Andrews. As to this latter class, I should imagine the exemption would have to be altered, so as to embrace the ratepayers of St. Andrews and their families. Be that as it may, if the remedy outlined above be the only one which the *patres conscripti* of St. Andrews can devise, then I think we shall all be inclined to apply the saying *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus* to their labours.

The Present Position at St. Andrews

The present position at St. Andrews is this: there are two courses, the old and the new, for I think we can leave out of calculation the Jubilee course as not being a factor worth considering. On the old course everyone can play without fee, the only thing necessary being that the intending player must put in a card the previous day stating the time at which he wishes to play, all places for the next day being balloted for at the Club. On the new course any member of the club, or any ratepayer of St. Andrews or member of his family, can play without fee, other persons having to pay some nominal sum, though I believe even this charge has been relaxed, so as to entice people away from the old course, and to relieve the congestion. Unfortunately, the new course only begins at a point about level with the tee to the third hole on the old course; to play on the new course involves a walk from the Club House of quite half a mile. An extra mile is thus added on to the labours of playing over the new course, which is, I believe, slightly longer than the old course, and much more tiring to walk over, the turf being softer than that on the old course. This consideration of extra distance may mean nothing to the young enthusiast, but for the great majority of players at St. Andrews it is a great addition to the labours of the day. On the other hand, we have the old course presenting its first tee alluringly at a point a few yards away from the Club House. What wonder, then, that the new course at the height of the season is comparatively deserted, and that players with a bad starting number will prefer to wait about on the chance of cutting in between two numbers on the old course, or will, even wait till their late number is called? Besides its greater convenience of access, the old course has everything to recommend it as against its younger rival—historical associations, reputation, and intrinsic merit. No visitor to St. Andrews would consider his stay complete without a pretty close acquaintance with the old course. Now I do not wish anyone for a moment to think I am decrying the new course.

The Home Green at St. Andrews

It is a magnificent course in every respect, and as fine a test of golf as the most exacting player could desire. It is a real championship course, and were it anywhere but at St. Andrews, its merits and charms would be extolled in every golfing paper in the world. Had I the remotest desire to compare the merits of the two courses, I should be deterred by remembering Goethe's answer to those who asked him whether he considered Schiller or himself the finer poet. "Gentlemen,' said Goethe, "you should not waste time over such an idle discussion, but should rejoice you have two such fine poets." No, my purpose is, if possible, to put my finger on the weak spot at St. Andrews, and point out the remedy.

The Cause of the Congestion

Human nature goes, as a rule, on lines of least resistance. This is eminently so at St. Andrews, and therefore so long as you have the first tee of the new course so far away from the Club House, you will have the old course congested and the new one empty. Mr. Ernley Blackwell has told me that at the height of the season last summer he saw a great crowd waiting to get started on the old course, and, as he had drawn a very late number, his party decided to play on the new course. They started about 10.30 a.m. and found no one at the first tee, and saw no one in front of them or behind them during their round.

The Flooded Golf Links at Datchet Converted into a Yachting Reach

Difficulty Arising From Position of Ladies' Course

Now, it will be at once asked by the intelligent reader, "Why not start the new course nearer the Club House?" And so we come to the crux of the situation, which consists in the strip of links belonging to the Ladies' Golf Club. This strip stretches along, parallel to the old course on the right, from the further side of the burn to a point somewhat short of the starting-place of the new course. Were it not for this intervening ladies' golf course, the new course could be at once started at a convenient point short of the burn, and nearly the whole of the half mile walk now necessary for reaching the first tee would be obviated.

The Remedy

Now the regulation of the old course is subject to an Act of Parliament, and it will be necessary for the Town Council and the Club to get the sanction of Parliament for the charge which they propose to levy on players on the old course. Unless this charge is made a fairly heavy one, while the new course is left free to all comers, I do not see that we shall have improved matters. I do not suppose, for an instant, that the St. Andrews people would propose, or Parliament sanction if proposed, any charge for playing which would be more than nominal; this small charge everyone would therefore readily pay for the sake of playing on the old course, and the congestion would not be relieved. No, it seems to me, that the only true remedy applicable to the situation is some compromise with the Ladies' Golf Club, whereby their strip of ground should be taken over by the Town Council for the purpose of the new course, and they should be given ground elsewhere, either on part of the Jubilee course, which is really now of no use, except for a few boys and beginners, or on ground lying beyond the railway, to the left of the fifteenth hole. At present the ladies' course is limited to the putting game, no one being allowed to play with any other club but a wooden putter. St. Andrews is the only place which possesses such a putting course, and the foundation of the ladies' club on these lines dates back to the dark ages, when very few ladies played the game, and their presence on the men's links was resented by the brutal male. Nowadays, when we have a ladies' championship and ladies' links abound all over the United Kingdom and Ireland, it seems almost a solecism that St. Andrews should not possess a good ladies' course. When, therefore, a public improvement can be effected by the remedy of this want at St. Andrews, it seems a pity, from every point of view, that a strong effort should not be made to alter the existing state of things. The ladies, no doubt, are in a very strong position, their tenure of their strip of land being practically unassailable. They would, therefore, demand a very good *quid pro quo* for what they would lose. But I do not believe they would bar the way to the greatest happiness of the greatest number being accomplished, if, in exchange for their present ground, they were given a really good ladies' course, on which they could play the real game, as their sisters at North Berwick and most other golfing resorts do, free from any interferences on the part of the male player. As I say, either the Jubilee course or the ground beyond the railway could be turned into a very good ladies' course. The expense of doing this, and of moving their pavilion would have to be borne by the Town and Club. Once such a compromise were effected, I really believe that the remedy for the present congestion would have been found. The modifications rendered necessary by this change of starting-point in the new course would be easily made, and you would then have both the St. Andrews courses starting on the hither side of the burn, the first tee to the new course being placed a little short of the burn on the extreme right. If this were done, it would soon be seen whether any further step, such as the imposition of a fee for playing on the old course, were still necessary. But I fancy that the increased proximity of the new course would prove the needed remedy by itself, and that we should be able to say, in an amended version of the Latin saying, "*Solvitur non ambulando.*"

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Messrs. Tilley's Champion Old English Sheep Dog, "Dolly Grey"

Mr. J. E. Atkinson-Jowett's Champion Smooth Fox Terrier, "South Cave Ledger"

Mrs. T. E. Hopkins's Champion English Setter, "Rumney Roch"

Mr. S. Wilson's Irish Terrier, "Bolton Woods Venus"—First Prize

Mr. E. A. Mill's Champion Bulldog, "Heath Baronet"

Mr. G. Lloyd's Toy Bulldog, "Romford Midget"—First Prize

SOME PRIZE WINNERS AT CRUFT'S SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL

LADIES' HOCKEY

The last of the Territorial Matches for this season takes place to-day, when the West meets the Midlands at Cheltenham. This match is awaited with great interest, as the result is a much debated point; the two teams, indeed, appear so evenly matched that to me a draw would seem to be the inevitable outcome of this encounter. However, opinions vary, and perhaps the Midlands are the most generally accepted as the day's favourite. The result of their matches against the South was identical, being five goals to nil, in both cases.

The Southern Eleven have undoubtedly scored a complete success this year, and have, as a matter of fact, done better than in any previous one. Their goal score stands at eleven goals to nil for the three matches, and they have also the satisfaction of knowing that this is the first occasion on which they have been able to defeat the North on their own ground. The weather alone proved the one great drawback to their successful career, the grounds on all three occasions being in a most deplorable condition, and, especially in the case of their match against the North, decidedly lowering the standard of play.

Northumberland's tour last week was completely spoilt by the heavy rains. Their first match against Yorks, at Ripon, was played in a downpour, and resulted in a draw of two goals all, making the second drawn match this season between these two counties. Their match with Lancashire had to be abandoned at half-time, as not only was the rain coming down as though it had never rained before, but the state of the ground made play practically impossible. The Northumbrians, however, were exceedingly reluctant to give up. The game was eventually counted as a draw, the goals being 3-2 in favour of Lancashire. Their third match against Cheshire was undoubtedly a disappointment, as they were beaten by 4 goals to nil. The All England Eleven who have been chosen for the forthcoming International matches are as follow:

Goal: Miss Horner (Essex); backs: Miss Fordham (Midlands), Miss Kelly (West); halves: Miss Hooper (South), Miss Clegg (North), Miss Murray (South). Forwards: Misses Henderson (North), Creswick, Theed, and Wilson (South), Stitt (North).

The accompanying photo is that of the Midlands Eleven, who, with the exception of Miss Gaskell, play the West to-day.

I. G

Photo by *Whitlock*

The Midlands Eleven, who are Playing the West To-day

First Row.—1. Miss M. Langley. 9. Miss M. Fordham. 3. Miss D. Johnson. 4. Miss E. Samble. 5 Miss Gully. 6. Miss F. Mayne
Second Row.—7. Miss S. Butt. 8. Mrs. Cole. 9. Miss K. Gaskell. 10. Miss M. Green. 11. Miss M. Gurney

RUGBY: ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT BLACKHEATH

A Good Run by Ireland

Vivyan (Devonport Albion) Fails to Convert England's First Try

A Line Out

This match, which attracted a gate of 20,000, was won easily by England by 2 goals 3 tries (19 points) to nil

ASSOCIATION: OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE AT QUEEN'S CLUB

Oxford Forwards Occasionally put in a Bit of Clever Work

A Strong Wind was often to Blame for somewhat Erratic Kicking

Oxford, losing the toss, were forced to play the first half against the wind, which dropped directly the luckless Dark Blues changed ends

One of the Many Corner Kicks against Oxford

Cambridge proved not only heavier, but much more clever than their opponents. The Light Blues literally ran through Oxford, whom they defeated by 5 goals to nil

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Roundel of Lent

'Tis Lent; no more the dance, the play, the *fête*,
Where you shone ever loveliest ornament!
Seek your sequestered home, and bar the gate—
'Tis Lent.
In that gay blaze poor love must be content
To watch your triumphs, not to share your state,
But ere your little hour of fast be spent,
May love come whispering at your window grate
With the soft tale that busier days prevent?
Ah, joy! Ah, joy, that now, that not too late,
'Tis Lent!

Devonshire and the Second Devons

When the war came to an end some two years ago, and troops began to return home, much disappointment was felt by the people in Devonshire that no opportunity was given them of welcoming home either of the battalions of the Devonshire Regiment which had played so gallant a part in the war. The 1st Battalion went to India and the 2nd Battalion stayed in South Africa. Now the latter is down in the War Office programme to be relieved this year. Already the people of Devon are considering a public welcome, although it will be some months before the battalion is likely to arrive home. But Devonshire men are proud of their regiment—and with good cause. Sir Redvers Buller, speaking at Exeter on his return from South Africa, said, "I had many good regiments, but I had none better than the Devonshire Regiment battalions. None contained braver men, and no battalions were better led." The curious fact may be recalled that the 1st Battalion was in Ladysmith during the siege, and the 2nd Battalion was with the force that ultimately relieved the beleaguered town.

Neglected Veterans

Recruiting for the Army is not all that it might be—so we read constantly. And when we hear, as we have done lately, of veterans of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny dying in the workhouse, we cannot be astonished that the Service is not so popular as it ought to be. We English people are a strangely forgetful race, and too apt to make heroes who last for a day. We went mad with excitement when the C.I.V. returned from South Africa, and yet we let Crimean veterans end their days in a workhouse! Surely, without any disparagement to the C.I.V., it may be said that their services were trifling to those which the men who served through the Crimean campaign gave. It is sad to think of, and a great reproach to a wealthy country that such old soldiers with years of service, men who can point to medals and clasps for the most arduous campaigns ever undertaken in living memory, should be so utterly neglected that their last years should be spent in a workhouse. This year will bring us to the fiftieth anniversary of the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and it would be celebrating the victories in truly patriotic fashion if provision were made for the gallant old survivors. There cannot be many of them. All that the majority of them have at present is 9*d.* a day, which pension increases with length of service to 1*s.* The survivors of Waterloo received 1*s.* 6*d.* a day some time before the fiftieth anniversary, and no restriction was made as to length of service. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Arnold-Forster might provide for these few deserving old soldiers the small sum necessary to keep them out of the workhouse, and by so doing might reap the advantage of a better recruiting year by making the Service more popular.

Convalescent Homes for Officers

It will be remembered that the King some eighteen months ago presented Osborne House to the nation, and that it was, with the exception of such part of it as had been personally occupied by Queen Victoria, to be used as a convalescent home for the benefit of naval and military officers. The announcement is now made in an Army Order that the home for the reception of officers at Osborne is to be opened on April 6. The accommodation is to be divided equally between the two Services—thirty-eight single officers and five married officers (who may be accompanied by their wives) in each Service being provided for. Children are not to be allowed in the Home. The only payment required will be 2*s.* 6*d. per diem* for each officer or his wife. In connection with the Convalescent Home at Osborne, a hospital will be opened in London, to be called "King Edward VII.'s Hospital for Officers," at Osborne House, Grosvenor Gardens. The daily charge will be the same as that at Osborne.

Royalty Visit "The Bystander"

On Thursday last, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales graciously paid a visit to the new offices of THE GRAPHIC and THE BYSTANDER, in Tallis Street, in order to make a formal opening of the building. By means of a specially arranged electrical circuit, Her Royal Highness was enabled to set the machinery in motion by pulling a small silver lever. The members of the Royal party expressed their pleasure at the reception accorded them, and were greatly interested in the various processes seen in operation by which THE GRAPHIC and THE BYSTANDER are produced each week. To produce eighty pages weekly of THE BYSTANDER is indeed no light undertaking. It is, indeed, a record.

Our Supplement

Our Supplement, this week, is another of Reginald Pannett's charming studies, and forms an admirable companion to the one issued last week. As before, simplicity in colour and design has been sought for, with the result that an air of lightness, almost of daintiness, pervades the picture. Shortly four Supplements we shall present will consist of splendid reproductions in colours of old sporting prints, and will be a delight to every connoisseur.

THE FLOODS IN LINCOLNSHIRE

The District between Spalding and Peakirk (15 Miles) Presents the Appearance of an Inland Sea, with the Addition of a Few Solitary Tree-tops and Hedges here and there

Photos by In the Neighbourhood of Spalding, Fields are Submerged to a Depth of from two to three Feet *Jepson*

JORKINS'S RETURN

By J. BARRATT

George Melford, grocer, and candidate for the local parish council, had caused great excitement in the village of Mudford by announcing a public meeting, with the luring attractions of a magic lantern and a speaker from London. For three days—in fact, ever since the announcement—Miles Gummidge, a rival candidate, and also proud proprietor of the Stack of Hay, had constantly brooded over the fact in the vain hope of concocting some equally strong counter-attraction with which to spoil the Melford meeting. For such was the unbiassed nature of the villagers, that, left to themselves, Gummidge knew that every man of them would assuredly gladden the heart of his opponent, whilst he would be left to waste his gas on empty benches.

The day of the meeting, however, found his scheme still unhatched, and there was a look of fixed melancholy on his ordinarily jovial countenance as he turned from polishing up his bottles and brass to serve a stranger with a glass of hot rum.

He brewed the aromatic cordial with abstracted eye, which brightened perceptibly when, in handing the glass to the customer, he looked at the man's face.

"What! Jorkins!" he exclaimed in surprise, "whoever would ha' thought of seeing you in these parts again?"

"Who yer getting at?" replied the stranger.

"I'd have known you anywhere, although it is six or seven years ago since you left," continued the landlord, leaving the question unanswered. "There's one or two down on the Green who'll be wanting to see you now you're back."

The stranger showed signs of rising anger.

"I don't know who yer take me for," he said, "but I never set eyes on yer before, nor on this one-eyed show of a village neither."

"Do you mean to say you are not Jorkins?' gasped Gummidge. "Don't you go down to the village and tell 'em, because they won't believe you. Why, you haven't altered a little bit, though you have grown a beard."

The stranger used some unrepeatable language, as he stamped around and informed the landlord that he was not Jorkins, and never had been, and the man who said he was again would learn something about the weight of his fists.

"Well, if you ain't, you ain't," said the unconvinced Gummidge, "but you are remarkably like. Bill Jorkins," he went on, after a moment, as if communing with himself, "Bill Jorkins had a girl's name tattooed on his left arm."

"Well, I ain't," snapped the stranger, pulling up his sleeve "Perhaps that'll satisfy yer?"

Gummidge fell back with a surprised stare, which, a moment later, gave place to a look of cunning.

"How would you like to be Jorkins, just for one night—for the matter of five shillings?" he asked.

"Why, what's the name of the game?" said the stranger suspiciously.

Gummidge explained about his rival's meeting, and then added, "They'd just flock in here to see you if they heard you were back, and that meeting would look pretty cold. What do you say?"

"I suppose, being popular like, that 'ud mean plenty of wets?"

"Yes," replied Gummidge hesitatingly, "I s'pose it would."

"Make it half a quid and I'm your man. "It's worth that to you with the extra business you'd do an' all."

Gummidge haggled, but the stranger stood his ground.

"Half a quid or I'm off, governor. My time's precious."

"I'll tell you what," said Gummidge at last, with a rapacious look. "I'll give you half a sovereign if you pretend to be Jorkins till the house closes at ten, and nothing if you give up before."

"Done," cried the stranger, and then Gummidge proceeded to circulate the news that Jorkins had returned, and would be in the bar-parlour at eight o'clock.

The news spread like scandal, and long before that hour several determined-looking females had made inquiries for Jorkins at the Stack of Hay. By eight o'clock the sight of the bar-parlour warmed the heart of Miles Gummidge, and his face expressed a curious mixture of triumph and anxiety.

"Where is he? Where is he?" demanded several voices.

"Here he is," replied Gummidge, as the stranger swaggered in with a jovial air, proper to a returned favourite.

"Well, pals," he said gaily, "glad to see yer. It's kind of yer to turn up and welcome a cove after so long."

A babel of angry voices greeted his remarks; and thinking discretion the better part of valour, Gummidge slipped softly from the room and shut the door behind him. But snatches of angry requests still reached him.

"Pay me for the six months' food you owe me, and I'll let you off the rent and washing," shrieked the defaulting Jorkins's former landlady.

"Give me back my vatch and chain you borrowed," demanded his erstwhile mate.

"Why didn't you marry the girl you promised?" someone called out.

"Shame on you! Pay up what you owe," came from the many sympathisers who had turned up for the fun of seeing Bill Jorkins get a licking.

Between whiles came the stranger's protesting voice —"Give us a chance. I don't owe yer nothing," which met with a storm of—

"Don't owe us nothing, don't you? We'll show you."

In a short time there were sounds of a scuffle and blows. Then Gummidge thought it was time to open the door.

(All rights reserved)

The stranger, white and flustered, pushed his way through, and following Gummidge into his private room, turned on him fiercely.

"Why didn't yer tell me it was a wild cat show yer had on?" he demanded.

"You seem to have been having a warm time," said Gummidge with a grin. "I told you they were all anxious to see Jorkins; and they are still wanting you," he added, as the occupants of the bar-parlour noisily called for their prey.

The impersonated Jorkins eagerly accepted the offer. Then, the money safely in his pocket, he turned to Gummidge with a malicious grin.

"You've had your little game," he said, "and I reckon it ought to be worth five bob. Now I'll have mine."

"I'm going to Melford's meeting," he yelled to the occupants of the bar-parlour. "If yer want yer money, yer must come there for it," and with that he rushed out into the night.

"Pay me for the six months' food you owe me, and I'll let you off the rent and washing," shrieked the defaulting Jorkins's former landlady

"Give us the money," said the stranger hastily, "I'm off."

"What!" cried Gummidge, "I'm surprised at you. You're as bad as Jorkins. It's only half-past eight, and you've got to be Jorkins till ten before I pay up."

The stranger stormed and raved, and said he would be torn to pieces if he returned, but Gummidge was inexorable.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at last. "I don't want to see you get murdered, so I'll give you five shillings and you can clear."

In a moment, all the patrons of the Stack of Hay had streamed out, yelling and hooting, after him, and Gummidge was left alone to stare at the empty parlour.

"Umph!" he said, ruefully scratching his head, "that's awfully like Jorkins. Just what he would have done."

"Devil take it!" he cried a moment later, smacking both hands to his head, as if to hold in the bursting thought. "It was Jorkins! I looked at the wrong arm!"

The Connoisseur.

Wedgwood's Medallions

One of the most interesting sides of the eighteenth century ceramic work is that devoted to the production of medallions of classic style, and among many engaging chapters in Professor Church's monograph on "Josiah Wedgwood" (Seeley and Co., Ltd.), the most excellent is that dealing with this master's work in the direction of cameos in pottery—if one may use the term.

Cameos in Pottery

Wedgwood's most successful portraits on solid jasper ground with white relief are indeed not unlike engraved gems, and it is said that in the few rare instances when he polished the entire field of his cameo on the wheel, such examples might be mistaken for a carven natural stone. Apart from ceramics, the long series of portrait pieces produced in the Wedgwood potteries are now of no small historic value. Their number is very large, the small antique gems of the Class I. alone amounting to 637 subjects. His cameos were produced in most cases either as ornaments—and they were used all over

Wedgwood Medallion of Catherine II. of Russia.
White on Dark Green Jasper

From Portrait Design, by Flaxman, of Dr. Johnson.
White on Blue Jasper

Europe in the most valued pieces of furniture and decoration—or for collection in cabinets, in order to illustrate stories of mythology and character in history. Wedgwood himself tells us that he aimed at producing regular biographical suites of distinguished characters in different ages and nations. With that view, he added, he was at considerable expense in collecting, repairing, modelling, and arranging portraits of illustrious people of all times. The class of which he writes (namely, the III.) presents personages of Greece and Egypt and neighbouring states; the four next classes exhibit a complete series of Roman history, from the foundation of Rome to the removal of the seat of Empire to Constantinople. The two next classes show popes and once regnant personages of England and France. The last class, as Mr. Church points out, is by far the most important and interesting. This contains a large number of princes, statesmen, philosophers, poets, artists, and other eminent men and women down to the period of production. As Wedgwood hoped, these latter portraits at least possess no small educational value, as well as a charm and delicacy which he no doubt considered, but did not mention.

Historic Portraits

The portrait cameo of Dr. Samuel Johnson which we give is from a model made by Flaxman in 1784, the year of the subject's death. Our illustration, as well as the other two, is from among many fine ones in Mr. Church's work. Of this cameo, he tells us that it was part of the choice collection of the late Mr. Propert of which the next,

Catherine II. of Russia, was also part. Mr. Church speaks of this as a remarkably fine piece of work as regards both colour and size, the ground is of a very rare hue, an exceeding dark olive green. This portrait of the remarkable wife of Peter III. is derived from a gem engraved by Mar'a Foedorowna, afterwards Empress of Russia, and gives a highly discreet picture of a lady whose eccentricities, shall we say, once echoed in a thousand scandals. Wedgwood's clear and effective methods are well demonstrated in our next illustration, the medallion of the Head of Medusa, of blue and white jasper, with laminated ground. The author reminds us that this extremely fine piece was modelled by Flaxman from a head originally taken from one of the Townley

Head of Medus , from the Antique. Blue and White Jasper, Laminated Ground

marbles. It shows the antique, the art of Flaxman, and the skill of the Wedgwood potters in a happy combination. The methodical work which Wedgwood now so largely favoured was, of course, of the very greatest value in this medallion production, even if, in some other branches of output, it cau ed a certain cold sameness to show. Professor Church regrets that, thanks to the workings of Wedgwood's orderly mind, as shown in his pottery :

> The quaintness, the *naïveté*, the picturesqueness of the rough processes and products of the older days disappeared. Individuality was lost. The workmen became parts of a well-ordered and accurately adjusted machine. The marks of human handiwork became unrecognisable. A tendency to aim at mechanical perfection and mere finish was developed at the expense of higher qualities.

But he also points to the many utilitarian advantages that were gained by this change, and, for our part, we cannot regret an absence of an individuality so insouciant as that of most English potters prior to this reform. Wedgwood, we have said, was fortunate in his designers. There is no doubt that the conjunction of the pseudo-classic designs of Flaxman with the somewhat coldly mechanical production of the famous potter greatly helped the fortunes of the latter.

Flaxman

Although, now that our taste is enfranchised, much can justly be said against the pretty semi-classicism of these designs, one must judge them by contemporary standards if one would be just. Man is as the times are, and in his day the exquisite finish, the delicacy, and pure line of Wedgwood's favourite guide must have been very welcome. But he was no friend of nature ; if one may misquote a popular couplet, it might be said :

> Too nicely Flaxman knew the critic's part,
> Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

During twenty years—1775-1795—John Flaxman's aid was felt in Wedgwood ware. Bentley, Wedgwood's partner, met him in '75, and the young sculptor, originally somewhat despised by Wedgwood, soon became in his eyes "the greatest artist of the age," and produced a vast quantity of medallions and designs for the ever-growing potteries of Etruria to put into practical form. E. M.

(To be continued)

The Play in London

By "SNEER"

SIR FRETFUL: My dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours.—*The Critic.*

Many years ago—how many I hesitate to say—Mr. Brander Matthews, the well-known American critic and playwright, wrote a "Ballad of Adaptation." He wrote it to satirise a dangerous tendency in the drama of that day, and here is its opening stanza:

The native drama's sick and dying,
So say the cynic critic crew,
The native dramatist is crying
Bring me the paste! Bring me the glue!
Bring me the pen and scissors too!
Bring me the works of E. Augier!
Bring me the works of V. Sardou!
I am the man to write a play!

Since Mr. Matthews wrote this, the native drama in England has had what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones calls its "Renascence," and quite a respectable crop of native dramatists has grown up in England determined to rely on its own brains and invention for plays, and not be content to "adapt" from the French. I don't say its plays have all been particularlarly good, or that the Renascence proclaimed by Mr. Jones has done all that was hoped from it, but things are certainly better with the British drama to-day than they were in the days of Mr. Matthews's Ballad. Unhappily, the tide, for the moment at least, seems to be setting towards adaptation again. Mr. Waller, at the Imperial, serves us up a rehash of Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* by Mr. John Davidson, and calls it *A Queen's Romance*. Sir Charles Wyndham, in *My Lady of Rosedale*, allows Mr. Comyns Carr to "adapt" Capus's *La Chatelaine* for the English stage, and—alas!—to botch it. Lastly, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, at the Garrick, gives us an English adaptation of *La Robe Rouge*, by Brieux, and calls it *The Arm of the Law*.

I do not pretend that the guilt of these three actor-managers is equal in this matter. When Mr. Waller allowed Mr. Davidson to make an English blank version of *Ruy Blas*, he probably thought he was encouraging English poetic drama; and when Mr. Bourchier decided to produce *La Robe Rouge* in English, he had the good sense to keep the scene and the characters French. It is only Sir Charles Wyndham who, greatly daring, has ventured to keep up the bad old tradition of adaptation by trying to turn *La Chatelaine* into an English comedy. The result, of course, is absurd, and necessarily absurd. The heroine of M. Capus's play has made an unhappy marriage, and is about to remedy it by divorce. The whole plot of the play turns upon that divorce. But the divorce laws of England and the divorce laws of France are not identical. Moreover, the situation of a lady who, when about to divorce her husband, allows another man to make love to her, is viewed altogether differently in French and English comedy. In a comedy purporting to represent English life, the man who proposes to a married woman before she has obtained her divorce both pays her an extremely poor compliment, and, at the same time, entirely forfeits the sympathy of the audience. We feel that he is either a knave or a fool, and our interest in him ceases. If the adapter was to try his hand at amending *La Chatelaine* he might surely have remembered this elementary fact.

I know the answer which Mr. Comyns Carr will make to the objections of his critics. *La Chatelaine*, in its original form, could hardly have been given on the English stage. There are situations in French comedy which London (and its Censor) declines to tolerate in English. *Les Deux Ecoles*, another and a far cleverer play by M. Capus, has been given in French in London with great success, but I question whether an English translation, either of it or of *La Veine*, would be equally well received. So, if Mr. Carr was to get an English version of *La Chatelaine* on to the London stage with any chance of success, "adaptation" was indispensable. And the traditional method of "adapting" French comedy is to shift the venue and the characters to England, and make such alterations as the change of venue requires. But I am afraid all this, to my mind, only raises the original question: "Why adapt *La Chatelaine* at all?" It is so easy *not* to write a five-act tragedy, as someone once said.

However, the past fortnight has not been all "adaptation." *Captain Dieppe*, at the Duke of York's, showed us Mr. Anthony Hope in the lists again as a playwright, this time in collaboration with Mr. Harrison Rhodes; the revival of *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Court, by Mr. J. H. Leigh and his clever company, may serve to remind us that if new dramatists are scarce we have always Shakespeare; while at the Avenue, the production of *A Man of Honour*, considerably revised by Mr. Somerset Maughan since its production a year ago by the Stage Society, is a welcome indication that there are still people who believe in "serious" drama. Things might be worse.

In the immediate future there is nothing much to look forward to until after Easter. The new musical play at Daly's is due in a day or two, and Mr. Waller intends to follow *A Queen's Romance* by a Shakespearean revival. One or two special *matinées* are announced, one on March 1st, at His Majesty's, for the Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, and one on March 3, at the Adelphi. A month hence, by the way, there is to be a benefit *matinée* for Mr. Clement Scott, formerly dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. Details will be announced later.

Act I.—The Retreat of the Love Birds at Henley-on-Thames

Alec Rockingham (Mr Bertram Wallis) and his wife (Miss Kate Cutler), *The Love Birds*, lead an idyllic life in a cottage, until their conjugal bliss is disturbed and broken up by the advent of a third party

Photos by *Bassano*

Act II.—Apart from Each Other, the Young Couple are Filled with Great Tribulation. They Unexpectedly Meet in Mrs. Wilson-West's Mansion, in Carlton House Terrace

TWO SCENES FROM "THE LOVE BIRDS" AT THE SAVOY

Paris—et les Parisiennes

By ONE OF THEM

Our frisky grandmothers take delight in recalling funny stories of the long ago days when the "Grecian Bend" threw the smart ones of the London world off the perpendicular, and now it really seems as though ultra-chic Parisiennes had elected to disintegrate, from the snows of twenty-five years ago, the rather alluring forward droop!

It is interesting to watch them as they enter the vestibules of fashionable "Thés."—trailing skirts of mousseline de velours, loose paletots of ermine *enrichi de taupe*, with linings of embroidered chiffon or silver-encrusted guipure, torpedo toques of ivory beaver, loaded with gardenias and tilted slightly forward over the forehead, but not in the aggressive manner of last season.

They look so delightfully helpless—these exotic daughters of the City of Light—as they bend forward at an angle of forty-five, and glide about with eyelids demurely lowered, but the new mode imperatively demands the presence of costly fripperies in the guise of furs and laces, as well as the sympathetic coalition of the thousand and one sparkling fal-lals that are as useless as they are indispensible—to the happiness of a femme du monde.

A Parisian Femme du Monde, Dressed in the New Mode, and Sketched in the Vestibule of a Fashionable "The."

"When the "bend" of the moment is exploited by a genuine "trotteuse" the air becomes humid with the tears of angels!

Linings are at all times of paramount importance, but some of the minor prose-poets have been so insistent in deducing "copy" from the "silken frou-frou" of les charmeuses that a little mutinous demon has leaped into vivid life in the feminine breast, and poor Frou-Frou has been narcotised—for a brief space.

She who rustles as she walks proclaims herself a creature of yesterday, and, in the affair of linings, silk of the softest and most supple texture is the only possible wear.

The imperious autocrats who rule the world of dress are not often credited with consistency, but in this particular case the excessive fulness of our skirts logically accounts for the momentary dethronement of crisp linings; while multitudinous gathers and pleats encircle the hips, a pliable dessous is obligatory, and taffetas—too desirable a material to be overworked—is now in a position to devote itself to the ruches and bouillonnées which strike such an echoing chord on the new models.

Some very wondeful—*amazing*, one might almost say—costumes are daily hurrying southwards, towards the Côte d'Azur; and, for the moment, the Promenade des Anglais is the hub of fashion's wheel; everyone is at Nice or Monte Carlo or Ventimiglia. The butterflies of the gay world are in mood tentative—now they incline towards modes which savour strongly of the English "1830"; and then, again, they accept, with acclamation, a capeline or fichu which is pure Diréctoire!

Jeanne Granier's wonderful black satin capeline—in *La Citoyenne Cotillon*—with its quaint lining of white silk beaver and its loops of gold cord, finished off by glistening tassels, has been copied again and again for famous beauties of the Grande Monde; in outline the original model resembled rather strongly the Belle of New York's salvation bonnet and it was, of course, severely plain, but several enterprising copyists have torn pages from Cavalieri's sartorial note book and have introduced extremely modern clusters of perfumed gardenias or waxen camelias under the curved brim.

In London it seems the mode to fight adipose-tissue *à l'outrance*, but over here it is quite another story; les maigres are completely out of the running, and le corset élastique is the *cri* of the hour in the charmed circles of which such women as Mme. Réjane are high-priestesses!

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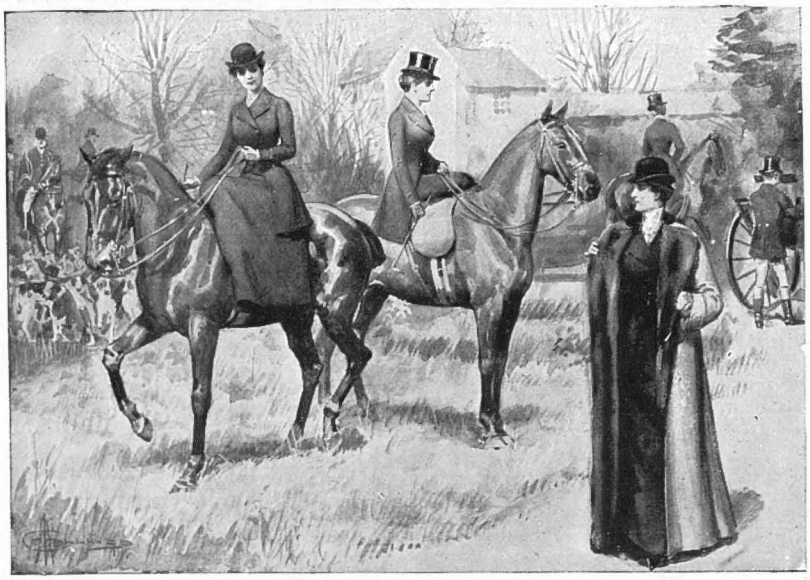

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by exceedingly supple whalebones; the waist is compressed without the least discomfort, and the hips—never a weak point with Frenchwomen—jut out in a sufficiently aggressive manner.

Blouses worn with these corsets are made to pouch rather markedly and the waist bands are always pointed and carefully boned.

Although a few superfluous rolls of solid flesh count for righteousness in Paris, it is still true that the costume kings of the Rue de la Paix—in mood complaisant—have made it possible for a woman to rest on the supreme summit of Fashion's hill whether she be possessed of a "fine figure" or otherwise; the wraps and paleotots of the present season are so voluminous and important-looking that *inside* one may, so far as appearance is concerned, equally well be a sylph or—a popular artiste from the Scala or Parisiana!

Take, for example, a three-quarter sac of Breitschwanz, which had a grand *succès* at the Ritz last Sunday afternoon and which was simply immense—*everywhere*, though its wearer was a swell New Yorker whose orchidaceous beauty seemed overpowered by such a superb frame. The sac was lined with volants of crêpe de chine "glycine," and on the hem there were wonderful incrustations of Venetian lace—each deep point being caught down by an ermine head nestling in six tails; there was a Capucin of ermine-lined glycine velours and enriched with priceless embroideries, and the sleeves—reaching only to the elbows—were as wide as a small girl's dancing frock!

It was a wonderful garment, crowned by an enormous capeline, genre Louis XVI., of ivory felt, with branches of glycine waving over the quaint crown and delicious scarf of black Chantilly passed through two curved buckles of rose diamonds—the ends encircling the throat and then falling carelessly over the shoulders, in the manner approved of the moment.

The Menu

A Lenten Dinner

I am afraid this does not look as if it would be a very tempting repast, but I want to show my readers that such a dinner can be very dainty and appetising if the recipes that I am giving be followed, and care is taken that the dishes are well-cooked and served.

Anchovy Sandwiches.
Lentil Soup.
Cod Cutlets.
Scalloped Eggs and Oysters.
Haricot Bean Omelet.
Rhubarb Fool.
Seakale Salad.
Cheese Fritters.

ANCHOVY SANDWICHES

Soak anchovies in milk, after boning them. Then spread them on bread and butter, with a layer of cress.

LENTIL SOUP

Two pints whole lentils, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 3 leaves celery, cloves, herbs, salt and pepper, 2 quarts stock or water.

Wash the lentils well and soak them for twelve hours; put them on to boil with the vegetables in weak stock, add seasoning, boil until thoroughly cooked (it will take some hours), remove the bunch of herbs, pulp the rest through a sieve. Return to the stewpan, boil up, keeping it well stirred; if too thick, add a little more stock or milk. Serve with fried croûtons.

COD CUTLETS

They should be cut about three-quarters of an inch thick from the middle of a large fish. Flour them, sprinkle them with pepper, salt, a pinch of cayenne, and a few drops of lemon juice. Wrap them in a cloth, and leave one hour to dry. Dip them in egg, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, fry in boiling fat, drain on paper. Garnish with fried parsley. Serve caper or egg sauce with them.

SCALLOPED EGGS AND OYSTERS

Melt 2oz. of fresh butter in a saucepan, with salt, pepper, a grate of nutmeg, a dessertspoonful of minced parsley, and a teaspoonful of minced chives. Well cook this mixture, and scald four dozen oysters in their own liquor, and then put oysters and liquor, which must be strained, into the mixture and give one boil; then add five or six hard boiled eggs, sliced, simmer over a gentle fire for a few minutes; then pour this into scallop shells, sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs, lay small pieces of butter on the top, and brown with the salamander.

HARICOT BEAN OMELET

Half a pint of haricot beans, two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, four eggs, ½oz. of parsley, half a teacupful of milk, and a tablespoonful of olive oil; steep the beans several hours in cold water. Boil and mash them in milk and rub them through a fine sieve; add the breadcrumbs, the parsley (chopped fine), the eggs (well beaten), the olive oil, salt, and pepper; pour the omelet into a buttered dish, bake it for an hour in a moderately hot oven, and serve with brown sauce.

RHUBARB FOOL

One dozen sticks of rhubarb (according to the size), 3oz. moist sugar, 1 teacupful of water, 1 teacupful of milk. Cut the rhubarb into small pieces, put it into a jar with sugar and water, and place it in the oven till the juice is drawn out; beat it to a pulp, and pass it through a sieve; stir in the milk, adding more if necessary; set it aside till cold; put it into custard glasses. A little cream added is a great improvement.

BISCUIT CUSTARD

Break two dozen macaroons and two dozen ratafias into small pieces, pour over them a hot custard, and stir well until the whole is thoroughly mixed; turn it into a trifle dish, and pour over it the whites of two eggs whisked to a froth with red currant jelly, grate nutmeg over the top and serve.

SEAKALE SALAD

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little Tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces, and place them in the cream for twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared for salad, which place in a bowl with the kale and cream on the top; a little cut beetroot may decorate it—this makes a delicious spring salad.

CHEESE FRITTERS

One egg well beaten, with pepper and salt and a little milk. Grate a piece of cheese—3oz. makes five fritters. Add to it the mixture with a piece of butter and a little more milk. Well butter patty pans, fill them nearly full, and bake in an oven for about ten minutes. Serve hot.

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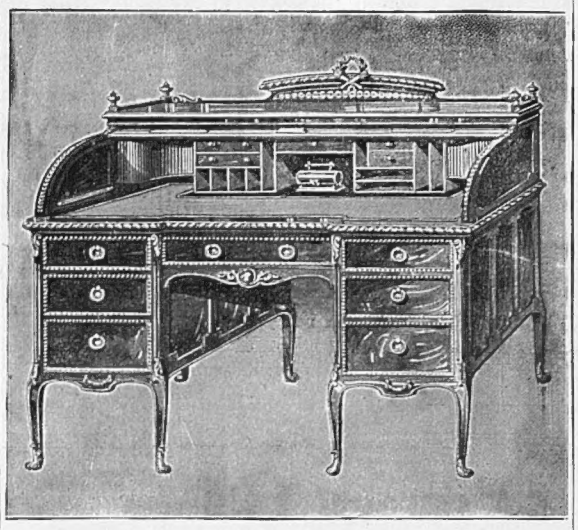

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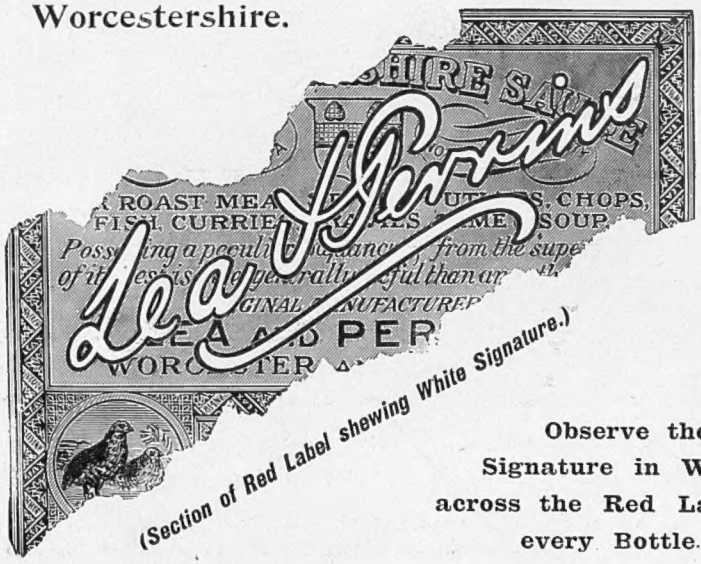

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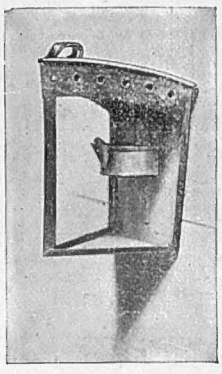

We are enabled to give an illustration this week of one of Messrs. Broadwood's specialities. The piano shown is known as the "Steel Barless Grand," and represents the pitch of perfection reached by the well-known Broadwood firm in more than a century of careful experiment. The first grand pianoforte was manufactured by John Broadwood in 1770, and since then the passion for improvement and experiment has made the pianos turned out by this firm known all over the world Broadwoods brought out, in 1847, their first "iron grand piano," an invention by which the instrument became practically independent of the wooden bracings below the sounding-board, the methods of pianoforte construction being thus entirely revolutionised. Chopin's piano, made by this firm in 1848, contained no less than five heavy parallel bars of iron. Two years after followed the complete iron frame cast in one piece, and, recently, Messrs. Broadwood have perfected their famous "steel barless" grand, wherein an elastic yet enormously powerful steel frame takes the place of the old-fashioned cast-iron one, all internal bars being omitted; the tone of this piano leaves nothing to be desired. Our small illustration shows a curiosity belonging to the firm—one of the old lanterns used to decorate the front of Messrs. Broadwood's building, 33, Great Pulteney Street, after the battle of Trafalgar. These were used again, nearly a century afterwards, to decorate the building at the Coronation of Edward VII.

The Broadwood "Steel Barless Grand," which Gained the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition

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